

IMPROVEMENT ERA



JULY, 1927

Vol. 30

No. 9

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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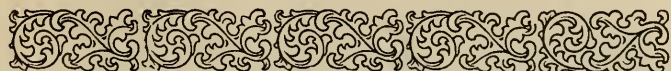


THE NAMELESS SAINT

“What was his name? I do not know his
name;

I only know he heard God's voice and came,
Brought all he loved across the sea,
And came to work for God and me;
Felled the ungracious oak,
Dragged from the soil
With horrid toil
The thrice-gnarled root and stubborn rock,
With plenty piled the mountain side,
And then, at length, without memorial, died.
No pealing trumpet thunders forth his fame;
He lived, he died; I do not know his name.”

—EDWARD EVERETT HALE



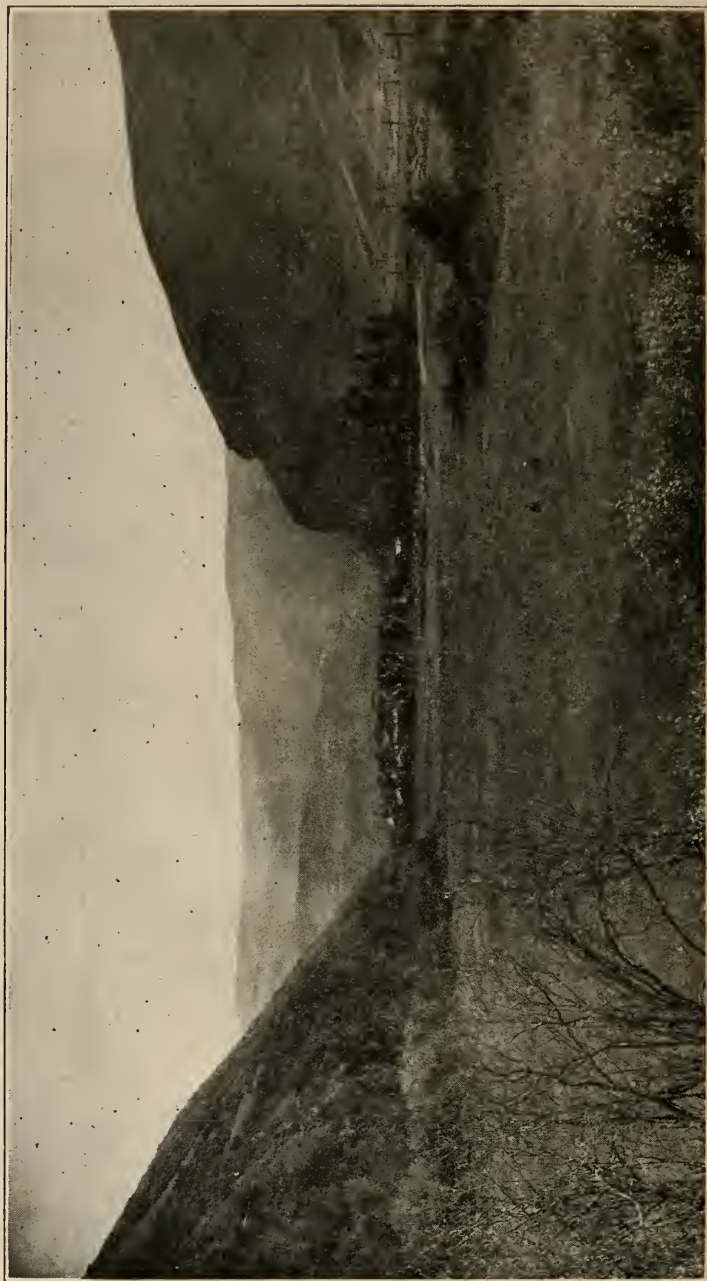


Photo by Geo. Ed. Anderson, Courtesy, Andrew Jenson
Echo Canyon, through which the Pioneers entered Utah, 1847. Looking west towards the Wasatch mountains extending north and south. The Pioneers turned to the right, north, at the junction of the Echo creek and the Weber river, went by Henefer bench towards the East canyon, then south, turning again to the right to cross Big Mountain, and later Little Mountain; thence through Emigration canyon to Salt Lake Valley. In a later route the emigrants turned left, south, up the Weber, through Coalville, along Silver creek and Parley's canyon. Before the lower part of Parley's canyon was opened, they turned to the right at Mountain Dell, over Little Mountain into Emigration Canyon, thence to the Valley.

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THE "MORMON" EMPIRE

BY JOHN STEVEN MCGROARTY

[This timely article, reproduced by permission from the *Los Angeles Times* of some months ago, is full of praise for Utah, her pioneers and her people. One statement therein gives rise to these questions:

Will the time ever come when the Prophet's people will walk their own land as aliens?

Will the stranger at last overwhelm them?

Shall the youth of Zion falter?

The young men and women of the Church must answer these questions with an emphatic, "No! We will go on and conquer, with the tremendous faith and spirit of the Pioneers."—*Editors.*]

Lately, when I had a loan from God and was on my way to the old blue hills of home in Penn's Woods where I was born, I spent a few handfuls of my golden store of time in Utah.

It is a place where I have often longed to be—the great "Mormon" Empire, the vast beauty of which, with its thrilling story, had lured and fascinated me this long time since.

I have already related in the Synagogue as best I could—yet feeling so very futile about it—the wonders of Zion with its stupendous temples and gleaming domes; and I have told the strange tale of the Red City that Bryce, the Scot, found on a wandering day in a great gash of the Wasatch Hills. But, all that is only a little of the far-flung wonderland of Utah. And now, at last, I have crossed its domain from end to end, and am left awed in the overwhelming realization of what it means to be an American.

GREAT AMERICA; GREAT UTAH

For, this is what you must realize when you cross the continent—that it is a tremendous thing to be an American. When one's mind grasps the fact that Utah, alone and by itself, is a greater country

Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 2, 1918, \$2 per annum.

Address Room 406, Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

in every way than all Europe put together, and yet that it is only a small part of our America, after all, then the very stars on the flag take on a brighter glory and its crimson stripes a deeper flame.

Utah stands at the back door of California, less than twenty-four hours away by train or auto. Its incalculable wealth within easy reach of our hands, and its indescribable beauty under our very eyes. And, beyond it, stretching limitlessly to the Atlantic, the sweep of the continent. All of it American, and all of it ours.

Wherefore is it not meet and just that we stand bowed before the Throne of the Lord God of the Ages in reverent mind with grateful hearts?

EXODUS OF THE PIONEERS

As I traversed Utah, my first thought was of the Pioneers. I could not get my mind away from them and all that they had endured to reach a "Promised Land." It is difficult to find its parallel in human history—an exodus before which that of Israel, itself, would seem to pale into insignificance.

There was a writing man, the latchets of whose shoes I could never hope to be worthy to have loosed, who has put this thing into wondrously eloquent words. I read them on a creaking caravan—words written long ago by the late Judge Goodwin, sometime editor of the *Salt Lake Tribune*—and that ran thus:

"The exodus of Utah was not like any other recorded in history. The exodus to Italy was to a land of sunshine, native fruits and flowers; the march of Xenophon's immortal band was a march of fighting men back to their homes; the exodus of the Pilgrims was to a new world of unmeasured possibilities; but the exodus to Utah was a march out of despair to a destination on the unresponsive breast of the desert. The Utah pioneers had been tossed out of civilization into the wilderness, and on the outer gate of that civilization a flaming sword of hate had been placed which turned every way against them.

"All ties of the past had been sundered. They were so poor that their utmost hope was to secure the merest necessities of life. If ever a dream of anything like comfort or luxuries came to them, they made a grave in their hearts for that dream and buried it, that it might not longer vex them."

This is what Goodwin said of the "Mormon" pioneers, and no one will ever say it with a more exquisite, poignant touch.

MORE THAN EIGHTY YEARS LATER

And now, three-quarters of a century after, I saw their green farms on the banks of shining rivers, their villages among the trees that their strong hands planted; and I walked the thronged streets of Salt Lake City, the stately capital of the empire that rose from their faith out of desert sands.

They had made graves in their hearts to bury dreams of comfort and luxury "that it might not longer vex them," lived on to meet the resurrection of those dreams among smiling fields and flower-flamed gardens in the desolation of a wilderness that they made to blossom as the rose.

A SCULPTURED RECORD OF FAITH

I am not too well informed as to just what exactly the religious creed of the "Mormon" church is—that church which once wholly dominated Utah, to a great extent dominates it still. It is something with which I am not concerned. It is a matter of their own consciences, solely. But, I do know that the "Mormon" pioneers in Utah were possessed of a tremendous faith.

There is a sculptured record of that faith erected from enduring stone and bronze in the beautiful gardens of the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City—the exquisite monument of the sea gulls.

There is no more wonderful story of human faith than this which is told by the monument of the sea gulls. It was in the year 1848 that the pioneers planted their first crop of grain in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, upon reaching the "Promised Land" after the untold hardships of the exodus from civilization. The very lives of the settlers depended on the harvest. And the seed that was sown in hope grew and flourished until it was at last ready for the scythe.

Then one day the skies were darkened with endless swarms of marauding crickets that swooped down on the fields, destroying every growing green thing that they touched. The settlers fought them with the strength of despair, but all in vain. Nothing that human power could do was able to beat back the black hordes of the destroyers. And so, not knowing where else to turn, the people fell upon their knees amid the vanishing harvest, and sent up from their weary hearts supplications to God.

Immediately, then, came swift answer to their prayers. Looking up, they beheld legions of white-winged gulls, swifter than the winds that bore them, flying from the Great Salt Lake, the sky vibrant with their rescuing cries. They were the fowled Bluchers come to Waterloo. Down upon the crickets the white gulls fell, devouring them even as they had devoured the almost ripened grain. And so the crop upon which life depended was saved.

The base of the monument is made eloquent with scenes in bronze that go to make up the story. But the feature of it all that impressed me most was the sculptured legend, the words of which tell that the sea gull monument was "erected in grateful remembrance of the mercy of God to the 'Mormon' pioneers."

After this, the "Mormon" church was assuredly "on its way." And it had left its martyrs not only with the grave of its prophet, but in the lonely silences of the hard road it traveled to its Canaan.

PROFOUND ADMIRATION FOR THE PEOPLE

Whatever your religious convictions may be, or if it be that you have none, you must still, in all honesty, feel a profound admiration for the "Mormon" people after you have come to know their story.

Stand now in the green valley of Salt Lake, clustered with trees, and then realize that when Brigham Young's pioneers reached the spot there was but one lone scraggy tree in that vast desolation to greet their eyes. Of what heroic stuff they must have been made not to have been disheartened as they gazed upon that inhospitable scene! How perfect must have been their faith as they accepted without a murmur the dictum of their leader when he said, "This is the place."

The Promised Land of Israel was a land of corn and wine; it flowed with milk and was sweet with honey. It was a land in which a man's belly would rejoice. But, to greet the weary hearts, the tired eyes and the aching bodies of the "Mormons" was this vast desolation. And yet, they accepted it, even gladly. They lighted their camp fires upon the arid wastes and lifted up their voices in wild, grateful hymns of praise to God amid the unwelcoming and inhospitable hills.

WILL THE STRANGER OVERWHELM THE SAINTS

Things are changing in Utah, as everywhere else, and the "Mormon" is losing control. It is history repeating itself. Massachusetts is no longer Puritan, Virginia no longer Cavalier, California no longer Franciscan. One man blazes a trail that another man may trudge it.

The "Mormons," however, were never very strong numerically. And although their numbers have increased and not lessened, there are not yet more than 500,000 of them in the whole world, the bulk being in Utah. They have today 2000 missionaries at work here and abroad, but the growth is slow. They still constitute 70 per cent of Utah's population, but only 40 per cent of the population of Salt Lake City, which is at once the capital of the State and of the "Mormon" Empire.

I suppose the day will come when the prophet's people will walk their own land as aliens. The stranger will have, at last, overwhelmed them. But time will never be able to obliterate wholly the footprints that they left in the sands. Utah is destined to see great days—great days of boundless riches and civic glory, yet it will not and cannot forget the deathless glory of its pioneers—they who drove the stakes of the Commonwealth and reared the rafters of the State. And, in those days that are to be, there will doubtless be some carping critic to find fault and belittle them, and to sneer and to laugh, ribalding, above the graves of Brigham Young and his nineteen wives. But, with all that—which was his own business and something that has nothing to do with his almost unparalleled record as an empire builder—history will be sure to write him down clearly and without prejudice.

As for me, who am as far away from the "Mormons" in their

religious beliefs and practices as a man can be, they have my profound respect. I would not like to think that I could not grant them the justice that history cannot withhold from them.

WHAT THE EMPIRE OF UTAH REALLY IS

It staggers the imagination to contemplate what this empire of Utah really is—the empire that the "Mormon" people opened up for the world by their faith and sacrifice and sublime courage. Its natural and still undeveloped wealth is so immeasurable and boundless that one does not wonder that Abraham Lincoln, in a moment of prophetic vision, declared that "Utah is the treasure house of the nation."

There is today unmined coal in Utah sufficient to supply the needs of the entire world for the next hundred years to come, regardless of the most profligate and improvident uses. It has mountains of iron and copper, almost inexhaustible stores of silver, great deposits of gold. It has limestone, petroleum, asphalt and a hundred and one other minerals. It is, indeed, a storehouse of the nation.

And it is at the back door of California. It will send us coking coal for the steel mills that we are to build and that will speed their products upon the laden ships to the Orient and South America. It will supply us with much raw material that we have not ourselves. Needful things that California can telephone for and have delivered to it over night.

Nor does this potential commercial alliance of California with Utah stop at the raw materials of the mines. California, it appears clearly, is destined to become the most densely inhabited section of the globe. Its thousand miles of length will be crowded with homes and marts of trade. There will no longer remain lands for the pursuits of agriculture and stock raising, dairying and all that. There will be one vast city from San Diego's harbor of the Sun to Sonoma in the Valley of the Seven Moons, and far beyond that. But, there will still be Utah at the back door.

Just now, it is a marvelous experience to ride through the "Mormon" empire just to see the sheep, alone. You will meet them crossing the high roads in endless droves, their shepherds and their sheep dogs with them. It is always a sight that the heart lingers upon lovingly. One thinks of the sunlit plains and starlit hills of Judea. And the darling dogs that are always so seriously at their task of guardianship. You will love the sheep and the dogs in Utah; and the "Mormon" shepherds will wave a friendly hail to you as you pass.

* * * *

SALT LAKE A BEAUTIFUL CITY

As a wind-up of your journey you will, perhaps, spend some time in Salt Lake City. Nor will it be time lost, though you may say,

with others, that "all cities are alike." For, it is, after all, true that there are a half dozen or so beautiful cities in the world. Salt Lake is one of them. And you will be glad that good fortune led your steps within its sunny gates.

The Founding of Salt Lake City

'Mid hoary and barren mountains, beside a great dead sea,
In a vale of rolling sandhills which gave life to one lone tree.

'Mid waste and desolation where famine frowned on the land,
A band of exiles refuge sought from persecution's hand.

Over the plains through barren wastes, through heat and bitter cold,
'Cross rivers wide and mountains high, came exiles brave and bold.

Onward they pushed through sun and rain, battling with courage known
To those who for conviction seek in a vale of death their home.

Around the winter camps they sang, with strong hearts true and brave;
They felt no blasts of winter's wind, nor darts the ice king gave.

Westward they moved, ever westward, 'mid sorrow, toil and tears,
Till they reached the vale of desolation—these dauntless pioneers!

"This is the place!" their leader said; "'tis hither we have come,
Led by the hand of Providence; this is our welcome home!"

In thanksgiving they raised their voices; with faith and trust they sang;
'Mid the caverns of those mountains hoar the echoes of their anthem rang.

The lone tree welcomed these pioneers to the life that was to be
In that valley in the future beside that silent sea.

The mountains from the barren wastes their hoary heads raised high,
And bade a welcome to this band in silent majesty.

The screaming seagulls shouted as they moved o'er that dead sea,
"We'll aid you in your new-found home where you at last are free."

Then let us join in honor and praise with the mountains, gulls and tree.
To this band of exiles brave and bold, who through toil and misery,

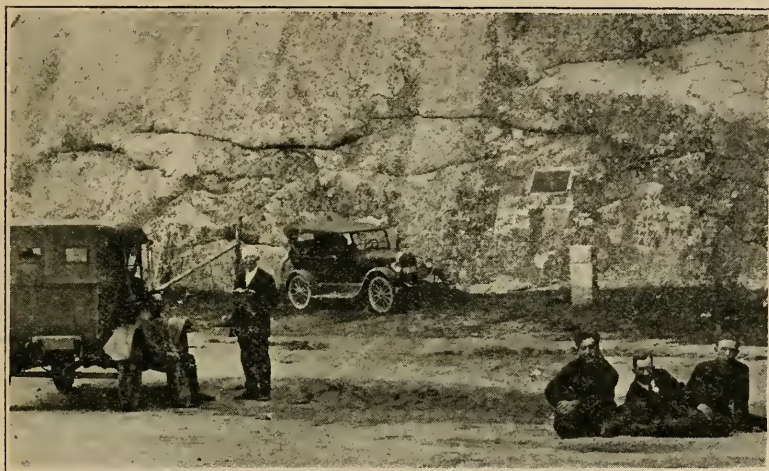
'Mid persecution, grief and pain, fearlessly stood alone,
And sought in this western wilderness a welcome and honored home.

Spokane, Washington

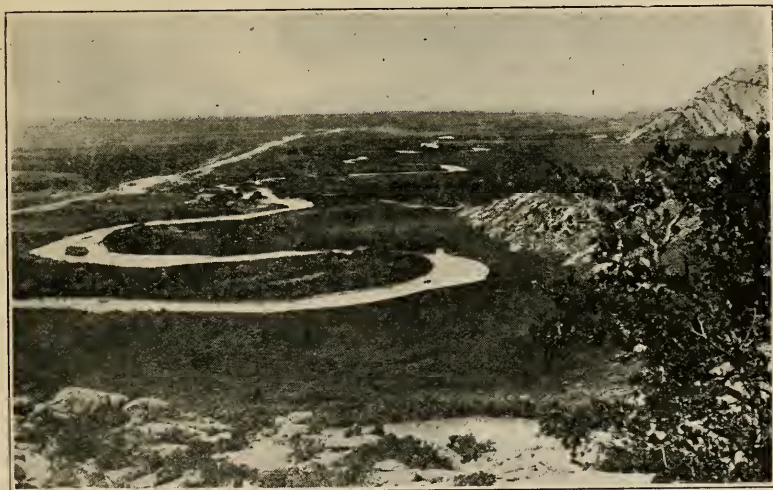
ALICE B. PADDOCK

ON THE PIONEER TRAIL OF 1847

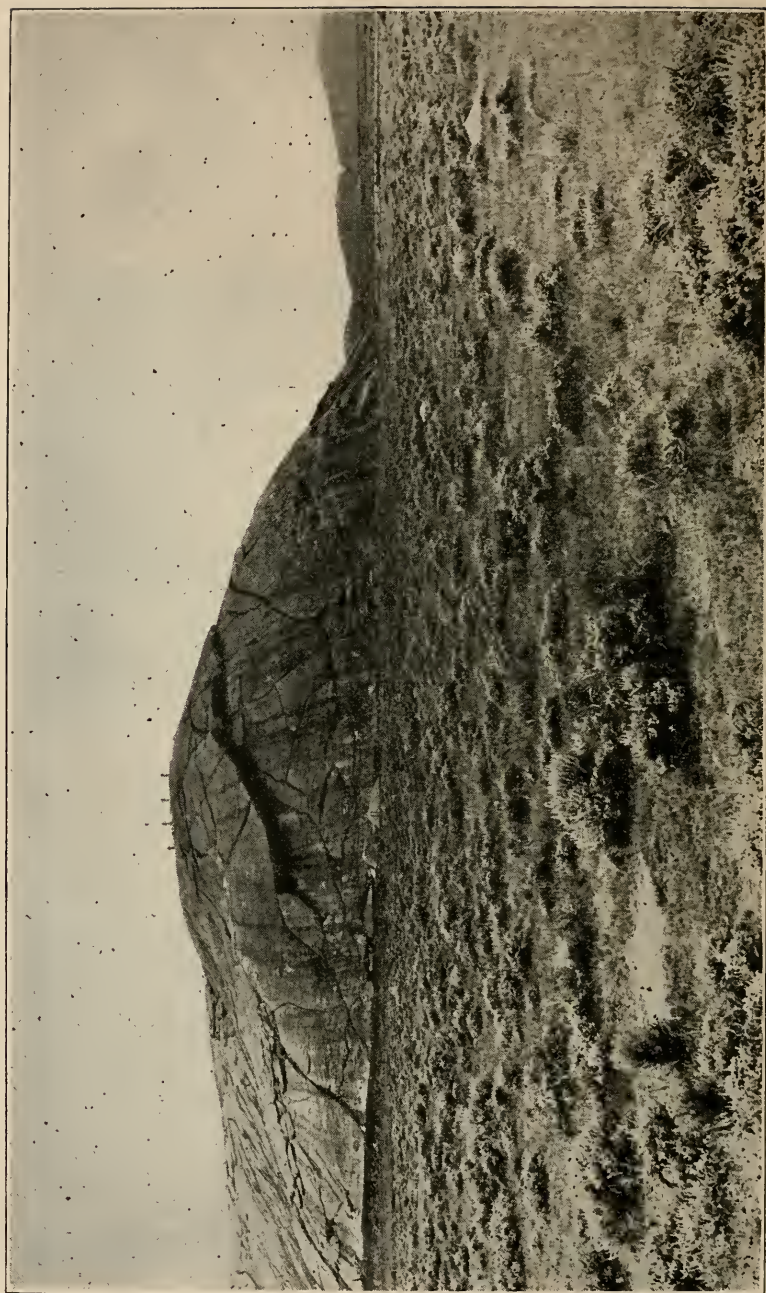
Photographs of Important landmarks by Mr. George
Ed. Anderson, Springville, Utah, taken on a
trip over the trail with Church
Historian Andrew Jenson,
July, 1926.



Independence Rock, Wyoming, a close-up view, taken July 8, 1926.



The Sweetwater, as seen from the cliffs, immediately east of Devil's Gate, Wyoming,
looking upstream in a southwesterly direction.



Independence Rock, on Sweetwater, Wyoming, one of the great landmarks of the Pioneers. A company of cavalry, about 100 men, left Salt Lake City for this point May 1, 1862, under Captain Lot Smith, to protect the mail stations from Indians.



Fort Laramie, Wyoming. Here the Pioneers arrived June 1, 1847. Seventeen Saints who had left the Mississippi in 1846 here joined the Pioneers, being a part of the company who had wintered at Pueblo. The remainder of the Pueblo company came with Captain Brown's detachment of the Battalion, arriving in the Valley with the Mississippi Saints, July 29, 1847, increasing the number in the Valley to about 400.



Echo Canyon, Utah, looking east up the canyon.



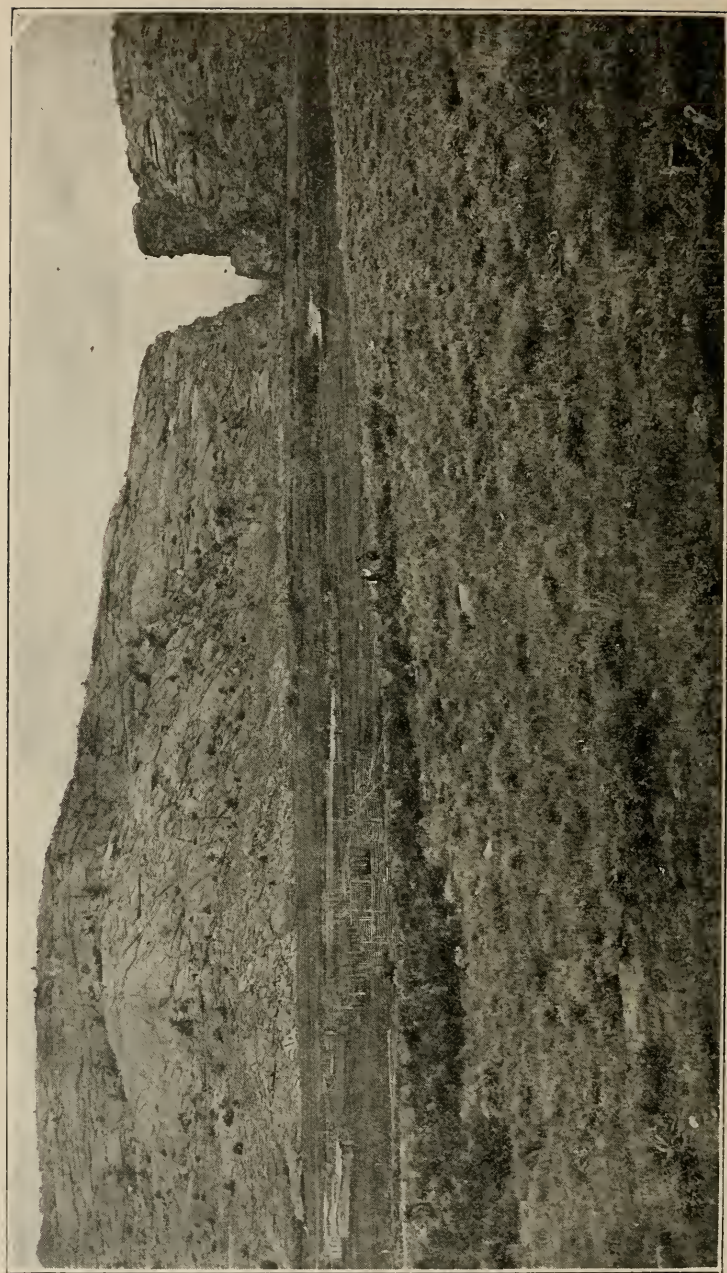
The Needles (Pudding Rocks), at the junction of Coyote creek and Yellow creek, near Evanston, Wyoming. The man on horseback at the extreme right, according to Church Historian Andrew Jenson, stands on the spot where Brigham Young, sick with mountain fever, was left by the main company of Pioneers, July 13, 1847.



This Pioneer monument was erected on a hill immediately east of where the Pioneers crossed Bear River, in Wyoming, on July 12, 1847. The monument was erected by members of the Woodruff stake of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in honor of the Pioneers who crossed this spot July 12, 1847, under the leadership of Brigham Young. The monument was dedicated September 28, 1924. Andrew Jensen, the center figure, is standing on the Pioneer Trail looking toward the crossing of the river.



Henefer, Summit county, Utah. Here the emigrants passed to go through East canyon, thence over the mountains to Salt Lake Valley.



Devil's Gate, on the Sweetwater, Wyoming, a famous point on the Pioneer Trail, and in the history of Johnston's Army.

JOSEPH SMITH AND THE GREAT WEST

When the Matter of American against Hudson's Bay Company Occupation, which he Finally Formulated into a National Issue, Had Its Beginning near the Grand Tetons.

BY I. K. RUSSELL, AUTHOR OF "HIDDEN HEROES OF THE ROCKIES"

XVI

When God created man in his own image, he sent him forth to wander for many centuries in a hostile world without shelter other than what he could find in caverns and foliage. Man as an outdoorsman is of far older standing than man as an indoorsman.

Once in a while the indoor varieties of the species have encountered survivors of the outdoor varieties, and then there have happened surprising things. In our own Great West a bit of strange behavior separated exploring indoorsmen from outdoorsmen during a terrific blizzard.

EPOCHAL EVENTS IN THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT WEST

The story belongs here because it is part of the epic of discovery in the Great West and because the mixed party of Scotchmen, Canadians, Indians, and half-breeds to whom the adventure befell, were on their way to the first clashing encounter of members of the British branch of the Anglo-Saxon family with the American branch. It was a clashing meet that was to be followed by others, year in and year out, until Joseph Smith formulated the dangers to American destinies in the West into a National cause, and his people prepared to take the sunset trail to play their part in its settlement.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

The schedule of events from this blizzard, in which whites fought for survival in one manner and Indians fought for survival in a manner entirely different, ran down the ensuing score of years in about this order:

Nov. 12, 1823. Alexander Ross, Scotch explorer, left Spokane house with fifty-four companions of mixed origin, on the first grand exploring tour of the Great West for the Hudson's Bay Company. He wintered in the wilds and explored the country of the Grand Tetons, the Yellowstone river, the headwaters of the Green River, and much of Yellowstone Park, meeting up with Americans from St. Louis headed by Jedediah Strong Smith near the Grand Tetons, and later, in the fall of 1824, with Americans from another detachment near the Malad river. Bad feeling was engendered through claims that the Americans had used undue influence on Ross' men to obtain

furs which Ross claimed belonged to Hudson's Bay Company and not to the company's trappers individually.

November, 1824—Alexander Ross departed from the Great West after turning over command to a brother Scot—a jovial, round-faced, round-bodied little fellow—Peter Skene Ogden, whose father had been an American loyalist who fled to Canada during the American Revolution. Americans encountered some of Ogden's one hundred seventy-six men near the present site of Ogden, Utah—probably a little farther north, in Cache valley—and either in a pitched battle or by strategy relieved them of \$250,000 worth of beaver-furs, this "enterprise" causing loud complaints by the rulers of Hudson's Bay Company to the British crown and Parliament. Thus the issue of who was going to get the Far West was made a live one throughout England.

November, 1824—Jedediah Strong Smith returned to St. Louis from the Far West and spread the first reliable news of what the British were doing in the Rocky Mountain country. His report was quickly taken up by Congressman John Floyd, an uncle of John Buchanan Floyd who, thirty-three years later, sent Johnston's Army to Utah. John Floyd opened up a fight by slave-holding interests to capture the Far West for slavery, in a speech, describing its many advantages, made in Congress in December, 1824. This speech was followed by a careful cultivation of Southern interests in the Far West for the next twenty-six years, under the guidance of Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri; and from 1850 until 1860 under the guidance of Congressman Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois.

August, 1827—Jedediah Strong Smith, at the head of 20-odd men, attempted to enter California from the Great Salt Lake and found that the Mexicans had set up barriers, since he had used this same route in 1826. His men were massacred by Mojave Indians, at the order of the Mexican governor of California, and those who survived were jailed on arrival at San Gabriel. Smith found that Americans were to be treated as spies and jailed on discovery. He himself was put under cash bond to leave the country at once, while a group of veterans of the War of 1812, who had penetrated California from Santa Fe under command of Sylvester Q. and James O. Pattie, were left to die in San Diego prison, as spies. Thus was laid the foundation of the later Mexican war, in its California phases, with mountaineer friends of these earlier sufferers rampaging through California under Fremont and the Bear Flag to avenge their wrongs.

July 14, 1828—Jedediah S. Smith, on approaching the British stronghold at Fort Vancouver, after his flight from California, whence Americans were banned, was again made the victim of an attempted massacre. Most of his party were killed by Indians on the Umpuah river, the leader of the raiders being an enslaved retainer of the Hudson's Bay Company. Thus Smith found that Oregon was sealed up against Americans as California was. He threw himself on the

mercy of Chief Factor John McLoughlin of the Hudson's Bay Company—a man with a brave heart and a strict conscience. McLoughlin showed a kindness towards Smith which, when repeated later towards other Americans, was to cost him his company standing. He restored the cash value of Smith's stolen furs, but exacted from Smith a bond similar to that which Smith had had to give the Californians. It was that in the future he would recognize *the crest of the Rockies as a point beyond which Americans must not pass.*

July, 1831—Joseph Smith arrived at Independence, Jackson county, Missouri, the outfitting point for American trapper expeditions and the point at which they spread the story of their experiences with British and Mexican authorities. On this frontier they made their appeal for American help and thus gave Joseph Smith a sense of the measure of the American task of possessing our Great West. Senator Benton of Missouri was an equally astute student of the situation, determined so to shape events that slavery would be supported by whatever new Senators and Congressmen might come from new commonwealths to be created there.

November 28, 1839—Joseph Smith arrived in Washington, D. C., to lay the wrongs of his people before the President of the United States and his cabinet. Being referred to John C. Calhoun, maker and breaker of presidents, and the ring-master of the pro-slave oligarchy, he there learned that any hope of redress was futile. This led him to look to the Far West as a field where he could both work for America's destiny and at the same time find a refuge for his people. He began to drill the Nauvoo Legion and to urge that he be allowed to organize an Oregon expedition, with 25,000 armed "Mormons" at the head of 100,000 Americans of all creeds that might care to join.

July 4, 1841—Sir George Simpson, governor of Hudson's Bay Company, arrived at Fort Vancouver on the Columbia in a towering rage over the infiltration of Americans into Oregon. He severely upbraided Chief Factor McLoughlin for being "too kind hearted when he should have let them die of starvation." He formulated plans to buy California, fortify the north bank of the Columbia, land five hundred marines and build up a war fund of 75,000 pounds sterling to back up the British policy of keeping "every damned yankey (his spelling) east of the Rockies."

February 7, 1844—Joseph Smith declared himself a candidate for the presidency of the United States, after having addressed questions to all other candidates which showed, so far as answered, an indifference to both the sufferings of the Saints and to the suffering of Americans in Oregon. He urged that Oregon be occupied by Americans and that Texas be admitted to the Union, when he was almost alone among leaders who were not pro-slave in this nation-building enterprise. In the meanwhile Oregon emigration societies had sprung up both in Boston and Virginia. Senator Benton had sent out John

C. Fremont, his son-in-law, to look over the country, and Marcus Whitman had started an "On to Oregon" crusade that was bearing fruit with men from both the North and the South. Simultaneously with Joseph Smith's offer of the Nauvoo legion, formally, the British ship, *Modiste*, Captain Gordon commanding, landed five hundred marines on the Columbia waterfront to take up a patrol of eighteen miles into the interior. McLoughlin, "for too much friendliness to the Americans," was ruthlessly ousted from the company, and a British fleet was brought to anchor off Puget Sound, commanded by a brother of Britain's chief naval officer.

June 26, 1846—Captain James Allen, U. S. Army, arrived in the Iowa camps of the banished "Mormons" from Nauvoo with orders to raise a battalion of soldiers for the Far West. The order had been originally for 1,000 men but it had been skillfully altered by the watchdog of Southern interests, Senator Benton, so that the Commander-in-Chief must take two non-"Mormons" for every "Mormon" enlisted in his "Army of the West." This is now known to have been a safeguard to see that any discharged army group in California would be strongly pro-slave in its voting majorities. The South had already determined to organize the expected new territory into pro-slave states and territories to protect its Senate majorities on that mooted subject, and had ordered west, to become California's first governor, the old "Mormon" enemy, Governor Boggs of Missouri.

December, 1847—Traders from the Hudson's Bay Company arrived at the "Mormon" settlement in Salt Lake, with offers to furnish wheat and other supplies to the settlers, their company now being a private business concern, having given up all claim to government powers in Oregon. In their resulting reports, this Britisher wrote of mad "Mormons" who had formed a city three hundred miles south of the company forts, and were settling down to conquer the desert, so that all hopes of retaining this land as a hunter's paradise were at an end. Brigham Young and his "Mormons" had written "finis" to British Rocky Mountain hopes.

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER ROSS

Having in mind this series of events, we can now turn back to that blizzard as the British marched in 1823-4, to start these events on their way, and we can do so with a keener interest in what it was all about.

Alexander Ross, the man in charge, was a hawk-faced little Scot, as conspicuously slender as M'Kenzie, his predecessor in command, had been gigantic and stout. He was built for work and not for the pleasures of the dance or of the chase. So he started on this journey ill at ease, and discomfited. This was because he had been forced by a rule from above to take off from Spokane house and he considered this house a seat of iniquity. Just to avoid it, he had erected in 1818, a new "Gibraltar of the Columbia," near Walla Walla, while

in the Northwest Company service. Yet now, in November, 1823, he had come to Spokane house to recruit men, whom he found engrossed in the "vices" of horse racing on an elaborately built track, of card playing, and especially of dancing with beautiful young Indian



ALEXANDER ROSS

Famous Scotch explorer of the country now occupied by the "Mormon" settlements of the Teton stake of Zion, who there met and was outwitted by the first of the Invading Yankee rivals, under Jedediah Strong Smith.

girls whom the trappers had taught all the mazes of Scottish reels as danced to bagpipe skirts.

The sound of the pipes exasperated him, and in three days he was gone, with only forty men, when he should have had eighty. Along the Flathead river he picked up fourteen more, and with these,

proposed to winter somewhere out in the snows at the headwaters of the Missouri and the Yellowstone. Winter seemed to hold no terrors for these Scots.

"I smiled at the medley" he wrote of his people. And, by the way, what he wrote and what Peter Skene Ogden and many other explorers of our Great West wrote, is still mostly to be dragged to light. No historian could do the Great West a better favor than to force the hard hand of the Hudson's Bay Company officials, who still sit jealously on guard over their records in Hudson's Bay House, London. Ross turned in a report of this journey filling fifty-five pages of foolscap paper. Ogden turned in many diaries. They are still sealed up there.

"FUR HUNTERS OF THE ROCKIES"

Ross wrote again, vaguely and generally, in his book, *Fur Hunters of the Rockies*, and it is this book on which we must draw for our story. Agnes Laut, a brilliant writer on Canada, was once permitted to glimpse the precious diaries of Hudson's Bay House and she made some rough abstracts of a few. For the rest—the demand is for a historian who can gain access.

As Ross moved along with his half-breeds, his Canadians, his Sioux, his Iroquois and his Shoshones, he noted that half a dozen of them "were on the wrong side of seventy" and many more were over sixty-five! They didn't seem to appreciate the younger generation in those days. Women and children came along as a matter of course. Wild horses with "shaggy manes and long tails waving in the wind," dashed into the camp and the hunters killed four. They were more proud of this than if they had killed a hundred buffalo, for the wild horses were keen of scent and could rarely be trapped or approached.

A BIGHORN SHEEP

Through Wild Horse Canyon their course lay—then through Hell's Gate Canyon—so named because Blackfeet Indians had often lain in wait there to kill rival tribesmen on their way to invade the Blackfeet buffalo preserves. These men found the wilds with all their natural terrors still intact. They came upon a tree in which a ram's head was buried. Indians told Ross that an Indian had wounded a bighorn sheep as large as a common horse. It charged in the anger and pain of its wounds, and when the Indian took shelter behind the tree the ram struck it with such force that he drove his horns half way through.

FIGHTING THROUGH FIFTEEN FEET OF SNOW

They encountered a defile where for twelve miles or more the snow was wedged in to a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet. Our Utah pioneers had some tough work to do, but did any of it exceed

in travail that of Ross and his men with this defile? First they planned to have the horses tramp out a road.

•“A man on snowshoes would lead in a horse, while another applied the whip. Presently nothing would be visible but the horse's ears. And in that state he would stand exhausted. We would then drive another up beside him. Presently nothing could be seen of our eighty horses but a string of heads and ears above the snow. We then dragged out the first; next, the second, and so on till we had them all back again. The difficulty of getting them extricated was greater than driving them in. But we were partly recompensed by the novelty of the scene and the mirth and glee which the operation diffused among the people.

“All this was very well for a while, but the men, as well as the horses, soon got tired of it. The single operation, for we went over all the horses but once, occupied us nine hours; but we got 580 yards of the road made and returned to camp after dusk.”

Such was their pioneering.

• AT THE HEADWATERS OF THE MISSOURI

Soon the people tired of this. All but the stubborn Scot leader wanted to turn back. He urged them on, day after day, with quarrels each night and mutinies each day. He gave up the horse system for mallets and shovels he built from trees standing nearby. At last they had tramped out a road and after a month's delay passed on. At the extreme headwaters of the Blackfeet river, Ross came to a little spring. Standing astraddle of it, he felt the joys only an explorer can know, for he was at the very headwaters of the great Missouri river. He moved on eastward towards boiling springs which betokened the Yellowstone country.

ENCOUNTERING A BLIZZARD

He tasted a hot spring and found it had an iron-like taste, but as he looked up he saw something far more terrible than spouting geysers or other symptoms of the inferno the old trappers considered the Yellowstone country to be. It was an impending storm. Next day the plain was as black at noon as it was usually at midnight. And down came the blizzard. What should he do? Ross was at the end of his white man's wits. He called out for every man to take care of himself—it was such an order as captains give when a ship is sinking.

Ross, being white and of an indoors race, ran for some trees which he reached at night. There he survived under this bit of shelter. All next day the blizzard raged and he could not stir. On the third day it cleared and he began his search—among the trees, after the instincts of a white man. But the Indians were not there. In they came one by one from the bare plain, and all seemed little worse for wear. Seven he could not find at all. He found their horses, still saddled.

And so he gave them up. He started on back across the plain where the storm had first struck them, and there he learned what an out-of-doorsman can do in an emergency. A howling dog attracted

his notice and he recognized the dog as belonging to the missing party—in which there were men, women and children.

He decided to dig at the spot where the dog was howling and three feet down in the snow he came upon woven cloth. It was tentage of an Indian family. Under this tentage he found all seven of the missing people. They had seen the blizzard coming and had tackled its problems wild-man style. They had simply lain down on the plain, wrapped their tentage about them as a covering—and let the snow pile on. It was warm down there. The wind could not reach them. The second morning one had put his head out. The blast froze to his face. He pulled it in again and went to sleep for another day. There they were on the third day—just sleeping it off as grizzly bears would in their winter holes.

"We dug them out," records Ross, "and wrapping them up in part of our clothing, got them to camp." Ross did not know that a human being reared in the wilds can live off his own fat—and indeed on rare occasions after long fasts could consume half a whole buffalo, and stow it away as fatty tissue to last him through another spell of fasting. Perhaps the fat our anglo-saxons now carry to their annoyance is a survival from ancient cradle days of the race when fat was essential to survival, but now no longer gets a chance to go into periodic consumption as it did with these Indians through the three days and two nights of their starvation.

Ross expected them to be seriously ill. But they were not. He named this place Stormy Encampment and passed on to where he found traces of the passing of Lewis and Clark, President Jefferson's explorers, who had passed that way in 1804.

TERRIFIC INDIAN FIGHTS

For months this band wandered, having some terrific Indian fights. Once they surrounded a band of Indians in a willow patch and set it on fire, roasting them alive and killing those who struggled out of the flames. This was in punishment for a previous massacre by the band thus trapped. They wandered over the headwaters of the Salmon river, down to the Snake, and back towards the Rockies.

Then came an affair destined materially to change the face of things as between Canadians and Americans in that country.

THE SHREWD YANKEES

A detachment of Iroquois hunters whom Ross had sent towards the Tetons had not reported. In October he sent after them, counting on bringing them in with a wealth of beaver. His second searching party found the Iroquois—and brought them in, but not with a wealth of beaver.

They had met a shrewd Yankee *and the Yankee had their beaver*. How this happened is a thrilling study in itself in the processes of a free Democracy, glorifying the individual, as contrasted to a process

of a tight feudalism in which the individual was nothing—with a mortgage on his back, and the company was everything.

The woes of Ross, as he discovered this American contact and its disastrous results to himself and his cause, he set down in bitter words. But he little dreamed that he had encountered a system of life against which his own was soon utterly to fail and carry most of his Scot companions on over under the American flag with this failure.

Ross records:

"My searching party arrived on the 14th of October, bringing with them not only the missing Iroquois, but *seven American trappers likewise. They arrived trapless and beaverless, naked, and destitute of almost everything; and in debt to the American trappers for having conveyed them to the Trois Tetons!* And this was their story: '*We proceeded*' said old Pierre (who was afterwards killed in the American service at Provo, Utah) '*in a southerly direction. * * ** There we trapped for two months with good success. At last some of the Snake Indians found us out and Canataye-hare took one of their women for a wife, for whom he gave one of his horses. The Indians wished for another horse, but were refused; the wife then deserted, and we changed to another place to avoid the Indians. There a war party fell upon us and robbed us of everything. We had 900 beaver (worth in St. Louis \$5,000, and at the Hudson's Bay rate of pay to trappers, \$1,800) all of which the Indians carried off."

"*Naked and destitute as we were then, we started on our way back and on the third day we fell in with the Americans; we promised them \$40 to escort us back to Goodin's river, where we arrived the evening before the men you sent to find us. The Americans came along with us here.'*"

Ross did not know it, but these Americans were dead set on the idea that this was American soil, that England had had it long enough—that they were going to spy out every possible line of British activity and give battle for possession.

Old Pierre confided further that the Americans had a good many beaver but had put them all *en cache* before making this trip.

"When the tale was ended I said," records Ross, "Well, Pierre, what did I tell you at parting? He held down his head and said nothing."

It is strange how all this moulds in with the story of Brigham Young and his pioneers, for the valley where Old Pierre met the Americans was known for scores of years as Pierre's Hole and it is now filled with thriving "Mormon" villages of the Teton stake of Zion!

ROSS, JEDEDIAH STRONG SMITH, AND THE AMERICANS

Ross then turned to the Americans, "Who appeared to be shrewd men." From their leader, Jedediah Strong Smith, "*a very intelligent man,*" Ross drew an admission that the Americans had received 105 beaver for acting as guides to the Iroquois, "*an item on which Old Pierre did not touch.*" This Jedediah Strong Smith was born very close to the New York home of Joseph Smith and at just the time Joseph Smith's family lived there. He had brought his Bible

with him and later became famous as a Bible teacher to the Nez Perce Indians, as well as to the Flatheads. He is credited with stirring that Indian interest in the white man's God which later resulted in a journey of Indians to the east where they heard Joseph Smith tell of his religion at the Missouri frontier.

Ross questioned each group, American and Indian, and found their stories did not match. He finally concluded the whole Indian tale was a fraud and that they had sold a wealth of beaver to the Americans,—lured by that rate of \$5.50 per beaver against their own credit "on debts" of \$2, which was the most their own trappers could expect. Jedediah Smith had dealt with these trappers as free men and individuals. The very idea of such a thing scandalized the British court and started diplomatic overtures towards Washington. To feudalistic leaders this American habit was pure anarchy, and they never tired of so classing it until at last their own power fell, and the Canadian government was placed in charge of all of their mountain realm the Americans did not take away.

A fear that the Indians would desert to the Americans in a body led Ross to do his utmost to keep them apart. But he noticed much quiet converse between the two groups. Pretending fear of Indian attacks from without, Ross remained up all night from then on. "But in truth," he records, "it was to prevent either the Iroquois or the Americans from taking undue advantage of us; in the meantime I daily forced our march to get nearer home."

Smith and his men stuck right on—right to the British "home" at Flathead house. There they wintered and in the meantime Jedediah Smith struck out for the Bear River, which he encountered after reaching Great Salt Lake, becoming the first explorer of its northern side, as one of his associates had been of the southern side while he was with the British, and as another had been of the Bear River mouth—Jim Bridger,—the first of all to find this great Inland Sea.

Smith searched out this first American rendezvous of all his trappers near Soda Springs on the Bear. He brought them intimate word of the British from their Flathead house, where he had found Ross turned in 5,000 beaver, worth to Americans \$27,500.

Smith then started east to spread the glad tidings of wealth in the Rockies to the people at Independence, and at St. Louis. His was a story to lure in American capital, and insure his own return to the mountains to serve for the next five years, which to him were to be warring years of American pathfinding and Indian combat.

A PROPHETIC WARNING

As for Ross, he turned his face eastward to settle down with his family of half-breed children and their Indian mother. To the Hudson's Bay Company nabobs he spread this prophetic warning, together with an attack on its feudalistic ways:

"Our southern and more enterprising neighbors continue, year after

year, advancing with nasty strides, scouring the country, and carrying off the cream of the trade; and if we do not speedily-bestir ourselves, *the Yankees will reap all the advantages of our discoveries*; while our great men west of the mountains, as we have often stated, look on with a degree of supineness unparalleled in former days, contenting themselves with the fabulous tales of others, and too often listening to the unfavorable side of things; as is manifest from their adherence to the old system. These dignitaries no sooner attain what they consider the last step in promotion's ladder, than they sink down at once into indolence and spend the remainder of their probationary term at ease; as if promotion quenched ambition and lulled the passion of enterprise to sleep. This has given rise to a common saying in this country, that one chief clerk was worth two chief traders, and one chief trader was worth two chief factors."

Ross passed on and out—the Americans came, and thus was this country prepared for the enterprize of Joseph Smith and the occupation of his people later, in nearly all of the country over which Ross trailed his way.

Chicago, Ill.

Address to the Tetons

BY SAMUEL B. MITTON

Ye mighty Tetons! Monuments to dead ages; enduring throughout all time and pointing to Eternity.

Ye temples vast and stately, timidly I stand gazing upon your lofty towers, my soul is awed by your grandeur.

To me you are beings noble and grand.

There are times when you seem to smile, 'tis when your wrinkled old brows are kissed by the rosy lips of morning, and millions of slender shining fingers caress your weather-beaten cheeks, then throw a golden mantle over your stately forms. And then you frown and roar in terrible indignation; 'tis when saucy gales and plethoric clouds play their pranks and burst in torrents upon your haughty heads—yet surely, the strongest winds and the fiercest storms can be no more to you than the softest zephyrs and the gentlest rain are to the modest, smiling flowers blushing at your feet.

I marvel at your vastness, and, in your majestic presence, feel my own smallness; and yet, with a subtle mind, a vivid imagination, I can, in an instant, circumscribe your immense boundaries, transcend your cloud-piercing pinnacles, and, with the power of sight, gaze upon the stars at which you only blindly point.

If you, mighty Tetons, with your chain of rugged mountains and sloping hills, shall-eternally endure, your coarse gray stones become as sapphires and emeralds, shining with celestial glory, shall not man—with his faculties and attributes divine, capable of unlimited attainments, and infinite expansion, touched by the same celestial light that shall crystalize and illuminate your inert rocks—shall not he, too, forever be; and looking into your transparent bosom see your inmost parts and comprehend your mysteries?

Logan, Utah.

STRUGGLES OF AN 1847 PIONEER

BY I. C. LANEY

It is of Isaac Laney my grandfather, and his experiences through the early days of the Church, that I wish to write; the gifts and blessings which he enjoyed; the power of God of whom he had a glowing testimony.

Grandfather's first-known American ancestor, John Laney, was a native of Ireland. While yet a young man, John married Miss Margaret Means and soon after his marriage came to America, bringing his father and wife. The family settled in Pennsylvania prior to the French and Indian war. Like most Irishmen, John seemed always ready to fight for justice; so, in 1754, he enlisted as a Pennsylvanian Provincial and served under Lieutenant George Washington. He was at what is known as "Braddock's Defeat." Then, at the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, John enlisted and served three years under General Washington. After his discharge, his father, who was then quite old, was drafted into the service. As the father was too old to stand army life, John took his place and served another three years.

During his service in the army John was with Col. Dan Morgan at the battle of Cowpens, with Col. Nathaniel Green at the battle of Guilford's Courthouse, and was under the command of General Washington at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown.

After the war he moved with his family to York District, South Carolina. Here Isaac's father, Culbert Laney, was reared.

Culbert Laney went to Kentucky, in 1811, where he helped to survey, build roads and bridges, and lay out and develop Simpson county, Kentucky. In 1812, he married Miss Cook, and the following year enlisted under General Jackson for defense of New Orleans against the British. On the day of the battle, January 8, 1815, his oldest son was born, and on December 19, 1815, his wife presented him with twin boys, William and Isaac.

Isaac, with his brothers and sisters, lived and grew up under the disadvantages of frontier life. The father had come into the country on horseback, spending what money he brought with him for land, so their food and clothing had to come from the soil, through the labors of their own hands. But the family were very happy and contented.

In those early days there were few books, few schools and no newspapers. About the only literature they had was the Bible and another old book worth all the rest, in the eyes of the pious and orthodox, *The Westminster Confession of Faith*. No family without these two books was considered orthodox.

Grandfather told of an interesting occurrence while on the old

homestead. He said there were spots of soil so rich that the grain would grow tall and rank, falling before it could ripen. Many fragments of ancient human bones were found in these places. One day he picked up a man's thigh bone, so long that when placed under his chin, he could hardly reach the end with his fingers. In the Book of Mormon, speaking of those few that were left at the last great battle, it is said: "They were large and mighty men as to the strength of men."

Grandfather while a young man was actively interested in religion, attending the camp meetings of the various traveling ministers, and listening to their different versions of the gospel. It was at one of these open-air meetings, near his home in Kentucky, that he first heard a "Mormon" elder explain the gospel of Jesus Christ, as revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith. Isaac knew at once that he had found what he had been looking for.

Desiring to be near the Saints, he soon went to Illinois, where he worked for Samuel Howard. It was here he met the young lady who was to share with him the joys and sorrows of pioneering the west for the sake of the gospel.

After leaving Mr. Howard's employ, Isaac went to Missouri with a Mr. Lewis, where he shared with the rest of the Saints the terrible persecutions of the mobs.

The 28th of October, 1838, found him with a small number of Saints working at a place called Haun's Mill, in Missouri. It was on this day that the mob came upon them demanding that they sign a treaty of peace and deliver their weapons of war. The demand, of course, was outrageous and ridiculous, as they were minding their own business, making an honest living; however, they were allowed no word in the matter and had to comply. Grandfather had little faith in the mob's promise of peace.

October 29 passed peacefully at the Mill, but that night grandfather had a dream which was not in the least reassuring. In the dream he seemed to be passing along a trail where there were a great many snakes. They crawled along the ground, hurled themselves through the air and hung twisting and hissing from the limbs of trees. Dodge and hurry as he might, his body was soon pierced and bleeding from the attacks of the angry snakes. Finally escaping the serpents, he met a man with whom he was acquainted.

"Brother Laney," he said, "you are terribly bitten and it is no use to encourage you, for no one was ever bitten so by snakes and lived."

"Well, then, I'll be the first, for I'm not going to die," was grandfather's answer.

In a patriarchal blessing given to Grandfather Laney, he was told that he was a direct descendant of "Joseph the Dreamer," son of Jacob, and that he inherited the gift of dreams. That dream was a warning and we shall see its fulfilment.

On October 30, the mob, heavily armed, dashed down on the little party at the Mill and began firing. Grandfather, through a clever act of strategy gained possession of three guns, gave two of them to the other men and, placing himself between the mob and the cabins housing the women and children, began firing. "But," as the young soldier once said to his commanding officer, "what's one bullet to a basketful?" Lead was flying around like a hail storm. You may judge how thick was the hail of lead, for while he was preparing to fire, eleven bullets hit the stock of his gun, cutting it off in his hands. One hit and knocked off the trigger guard, but the "works" were still intact, for he loaded and fired it once more and saw one of the mob drop, as a result. This, of course, was a matter of a few seconds, Grandfather could see he was doing little good and they were cutting him to pieces, so he returned to the cabin, told the women and children to run for the woods. As he turned, a bullet struck him in the right armpit and came out the left. This was not the first wound he had received, however, for two bullets had gone through his breast and came out his back and two had passed through his hips.

After the shouted warning to the women and children, Isaac fled for his life, taking a trail leading up a small hill. As he was running up the hill, his body much bent with effort, a large ball struck him in the back near the kidneys, passing lengthwise through his body. He said only the power of God stopped it from going on and into his brain. According to his own words, "This one came nearer knocking me off my feet than any. The rest just 'plunked' through me as if I were a squash."

Knowing he must hurry to help or give up his life, Grandfather first sat down to take off his boots, for they were so heavy that it was hard to lift one foot after the other in his weakening condition. He was obliged to split the boots with his knife before he could remove them.

So weak and stiff that it was hard to move, he struggled on, but soon met the man he had seen in the dream. He said, "Brother Laney, it is no use to encourage you, for no man was ever shot as you are and lived." Then followed the identical conversation of the dream, excepting the substitution of "shot" instead of snake bite.

Just a little farther on was the home of friends who took him in. So great was their fear that the mob would follow and kill him, they took up a board and hid him under the floor. Of course, in his condition, he could not stand this long and begged to be taken out. They did so, and after washing and dressing his wounds put him in bed.

His clothes were literally cut to pieces and his body almost as bad, for it had been struck by seven bullets, leaving thirteen scars, six passing through and through, the seventh, that struck him in the back, leaving but one scar. There are those still living who tell of having seen the scars from these wounds.

For some time he lay near death, being fed with a spoon, and so

weak he could not so much as open or close his eyes. With so many wounds practically all of his blood was lost.

The elders were called in and he was anointed and promised in the name of Jesus Christ he would recover. From this time on he recovered rapidly and was soon chopping logs in Illinois for the homes of the Saints.

The 25th of March, 1841, Isaac married Miss Sarah Ann Howard in the state of Illinois. Here they lived with the Saints until the enemies of the gospel of Christ forced them again to seek new homes.

Near the first of July, 1847, Isaac with his wife and two children, Margaret and George C., also his twin brother, William, with wife and one child, left Winter Quarters with the first emigration. "The Big Company," as it was called, consisted of about 1353 persons and was equipped with 566 wagons. The Laney family belonged to the 100 of which Edward Hunter was captain. On the 25th of September, 1847, they arrived at the old Fort in Salt Lake Valley, where the work of making "the desert blossom as a rose" began.

Isaac was very industrious, seeming always to find something useful to do. When his work was done he would work for someone else. If they could not pay in money, he would work for anything. He thus obtained many useful articles before he left "the states" for the West. Some of them he brought across the plains, among which were a number of tools, a large soap kettle and a hand mill. The mill he set on a post near his home that anyone who cared to might use it. It made the flour for the bread of many neighboring families as well as his own.

Very soon after the arrival in the Salt Lake Valley, Grandfather made a spinning wheel and loom, the first one made in Utah, on which Grandmother spun and wove the first piece of woolen cloth made in Utah.

One day, some time after they had left the Fort, while Grandmother was home alone, an Indian came to the house. He seemed to know that Grandfather was away (perhaps he had seen him go), for he forced his way into the house and demanded that Grandmother give him different articles that struck his fancy. When she refused he began to threaten all manner of cruelties. They had a dog named Watch, which at the time was tied with a piece of rawhide to the ash leach, (a device for extracting lye from wood ashes). The dog had seen an enemy in the Indian from the first, and had bounded and barked at him until the rawhide was twisted into kinks. Grandmother was so frightened at the Indian's actions that she cried, "Sic-em, Watch." This was all the dog needed. He jumped at the redskin with such force that the kinks in the rawhide broke and he was at liberty. The Indian had a large buffalo robe which he shook between himself and the dog, but the dog jerked it away, shook it once or twice, found it lifeless so dropped it and sprang at the Indian, closed

his teeth on his throat, pulling him to the floor. Things had gone far enough so Grandmother caught the piece of rawhide still fastened to the dog's neck and pulled him back. You can be sure the Indian was not long deciding he had business elsewhere.

During the early days, when the Saints were threatened by the army, Grandfather had another dream which was fulfilled. Again it was the sign of an enemy—a large snake coiled and menacing the Valley of Great Salt Lake. The head raised high and seemed watching something in the east. Then it began to sway from north to south and soon the head broke off and flew to the south, then the whole snake broke up, some pieces going north and some south.

We see the fulfilment of this dream in Johnston's army, which was a menace to the city until the outbreak of the Civil War, when the head broke off and left to join the Southern army, the rest breaking up and returning east in disorder, some to join the North and some the South.

In the fall of 1873, Grandfather had been confined to his bed for some time, but on the day of Oct. 30 was feeling better and, calling his eldest son (my father) to his bedside, spoke to him somewhat like this: "It was a cold night last night was it not?"

"Yes, father," said George, "there was a heavy frost."

"My son, do you know it is just thirty-five years ago today since I was shot at Haun's Mill? My son, I am going to die tonight."

"No, father," answered George, "you are better today."

"Yes, I know," he answered, "but I am going to die tonight. My mission on earth is filled. I would not turn my hand over to live another twenty-four hours, except for what good I might do for others. Now I will tell you how I want to be buried. I want a plain board casket; you may stain it if you wish, but make it plain. I want no hearse, my own team and wagon would suit me better."

All this was said as if he were planning a vacation. His life had been such that he could anticipate with joy the meeting of his Creator. That night he died, a noble man, a prince of the House of Israel.

Salt Lake City.

What is Life

What is life but a grain of time,
A sparkling star of light,
Beaming colorful, calm, sublime,
Message of strength and might?

What is death, but a peaceful rest,
The star in sunbeams light?
When the sun goes down in the west,
The star still shineth bright.

CARL F. S. JORGENSEN

THE PERSISTENCY OF A RELIGIOUS CEREMONIAL

*Hieroglyphs of Western Utah Connect in Meaning with Symbolism
of the Hopi and Pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico.*

AN ANCIENT INDIAN HIEROGLYPH AT DESERET DEPICTS A
MODERN INDIAN SCENE

BY FRANK BECKWITH

[If the petroglyphs of western Utah connect the ancient Utah Indians with those of New Mexico, as this article appears to do and establish, an important point has been made. Everything that helps to establish connection between all the old inhabitants of the American continent is of importance as Book of Mormon evidence.—Editors.]

The word "symbol" is taken from the ancient Greek language, and when used by them meant, "The sign by which one knows a



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AN UNRETOUCHED NEGATIVE OF THE ANCIENT HIEROGLYPH
APPEARING AT DESERET

thing." Hence, a symbol may be picture-graphic, idea-graphic, or phonetic in value. In our common, every-day use, a letter is a symbol for a sound; and another, taught in the use of the symbol, knows the sound represented by the symbol. Combined symbols make a word, and a meaning is conveyed by written words, *provided* another knows the meaning of the symbols employed; but if the "key" so to speak is unknown, then the writing is a locked mystery.

That is the condition that surrounds our present lack of knowledge of the ancient Indian hieroglyph—we do not know the value assigned to the symbol-character.

It is my thought that it was mnemonic-picture-graphic. That is, a picture recalled to mind a suggestion which helped memory reconstruct the thought intended to be conveyed. For instance, I am going to say later in this article that a picture of a portion of a religious rite, ceremonial observance, or custom of deep import, would recall to the one who saw that picture all the circumstance of that rite, all the paraphernalia of its actors, all the symbolism of forces of nature which each component part of the rite conveyed when enacted, both to on-lookers and participants.

Hence, if we find on the rocks an indisputable scene of a religious rite observed today, though that picture were drawn in ancient time, we can then know that a rite similar to the one of today was held in the long ago, and that to each aboriginal who saw the rock carving it was a book, pulsating with life, vivid, and from the strength of its mnemonic representation, perfectly legible "writing" to one who was versed in the import of the ceremony.

WRITING HAD ITS BEGINNING IN RELIGION

Primitive Chaldee, ancient Chinese, and hierotic Egyptian had their beginning, each according to its racial difference, in rude pictures of the thing expressed. These pictures gave way successively to abbreviation after abbreviation, until a later symbol retained hardly a semblance to the first character employed. Should advancement be followed, the progression would be found that abbreviated symbols shortened from a picture came to represent syllable, and finally, the height of achievement, a symbol for a sound.

The Indian stayed in the pictographic stage of development.

Ever since I was of impressionable age, the interpretation of the symbols of mysticism has held a most fascinating interest for me. I devoured histories of ancient Chaldea, because their authors said that staid priests of grave demeanor studied the heavens, reducing astronomy to a science of startling exactitude. Today, every captain who sails the seas uses the astronomical symbols adopted by the ancient Chaldee several thousand years ago.

Such is our heritage to that religious symbolism.

Then I observed in writers of note that Egypt was the land where religious mysticism was carried to its utmost. Learned authors

said that calm, dignified, erudite Egyptian priests studied, fasted and prayed, and from their learning came the science of mensuration, followed today by every surveyor, the foundation of which was laid on the banks of old Nile.

Living in time, having an exact knowledge of numbers, their obelisks and temple walls were carved with picture writings of deep religious import, and the versatile Phoenecians shortened the unwieldy Egyptian characters into the germ of symbol-writing which we use today.

So that there we have a wonderful heritage from those two nations.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN HAD MYSTICS

Wherever symbolism was found, with a religious trend, there, in my early reading, I became a devotee, enthralled, lost in the wonders opened to view by studying down the vistas of the long ago, to ferret out the interpretation of a mystic symbol, put to a religious use—the expression of the most lofty thoughts man conceives, applied to his conception of Deity, or to the forces he saw acting through natural phenomena; or lastly, to the interpretation of the rites and ceremonies his race observed in their religious worship.

This last finds expression among the Indians of North America, both anciently and today.

When I came across authors of education, and possessed with sympathy of the Indian and his ways, who told me in fascinating words that the brown man of the wilds, our North American Indian, embodies symbolic characters in his pottery and in his weaving; that he had initiates into secret orders; that he had employed symbolic characters to betoken, mnemonically, rites and customs; that his worship (and he was deeply religious) was largely based on the forces of nature, on which he was absolutely dependent in his primitive manner of living—so keen was my interest in the pursuit of that field of thought that it occupied the greater part of my attention in spare moments for a period of years, almost to the point of obsession.

And when I read that the preparation for the office of "Medicine Man," was the consecration for life of a mystic for a holy cause, requiring a long period of probation, fasting, prayer, and subjugation of the flesh to give free sway to the spiritual influences, then my fondness for applied symbols was transferred from Chaldea, Egypt, and our progenitors to the ancient Indian.

In 1923 this interest impelled me to go to Clear Creek Canyon many times; and so much did I find there, that I have been to that wonder spot thirty-three times since; I have slept in the canyon nine nights in one summer season.

Never in my brief roamings across Utah have I run across so veritable a mine of material as there exists.

THE MEDICINE MAN WHO WAS THE OFFICIAL "RAIN MAKER"

Imagine my delight to find carved on the walls of Clear Creek Canyon the form of a Medicine Man, with bison horns adorning his head, which my favorite author told me was the insignia of his sacerdotal office, the right to wear which was permitted to him alone of all the tribe. None but he could don those marks of office; for he alone was the official mediator between "Those Above" and this mundane sphere; and to ask for benefits from those august powers, this intercessor for man must be pure, unselfish, free from taint of worldly wealth, and living the most exemplary life in his tribe. And furthermore, his purpose must not be ulterior. Hence the aspirant for the office of shaman began early. His life was rigorous. Neophytes were initiated into his order sparingly, with greatest secrecy, and learned "letter-perfect" a great mass of ritualistic matter.

Observe carefully the first, or left-hand drawing in the upper line of the reproduction appearing at the head of this article, and know that when the primitive Indian of ancient times, before too much of his heritage was lost by contact with the whites, saw that simple symbol, a wealth of thought rushed into his mind. Respect, reverence, and all this explanatory matter that it has taken me by so many words, and such length of preparation, to present to you, was recalled to his mind with that one mnemonic picture-help to memory.

The office of Medicine Man was uncommonly free from reward. Besides his other duties, it was his care to cure the sick; hence, he learned the few simple medicinal herbs which nature provides, studied them and applied their uses in curative function. His was a life of asceticism, prayers, fasting, the rigors to subdue the flesh. But his special field of usefulness, in those regions where cultivation was followed, was to bring down rain.

The Thirty-seventh Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institute is authority that the ancient Hopi symbol for rain is a terrace of steps, like a square-notched pyramid, signifying to the Indian the piling up, mass upon mass, of the big rain clouds, heaped in billows upon their fellows. Such a design was used on ancient Hopi pottery with symbolic intent to denote rain. And lines, or bars suspended from a horizontal, denoted the falling rain, dripping down.

THIS SYMBOLISM IN CLEAR CREEK CANYON

In my beloved Clear Creek Canyon I had already found and photographed all those symbols, carved on the rocks by an ancient, hand centuries ago, done with a high religious significance.

The group marked "C. C. C." to the right of the upper line of the hand drawings shows these terraced steps, (the symbol of rain) carved as a petroglyph on the walls of Clear Creek Canyon.

One of the oldest hieroglyphics among hundreds in Clear Creek

Canyon is that of a Medicine Man. So old is this design that it is dim almost to obliteration. An unretouched negative of it would be too lacking in contrast to reproduce by the half-tone method, so I present a hand drawing of it. Note the bison horns above the head; note that this was drawn in that ancient time when glyptic art was in its infancy, and craftsmanship crude, for the drawing is by mere rudiments only ideographically presented. But observe the adroit manner in which the artisan of the long ago denoted the breech-clout—a mere swirl around the hips. Simplicity has achieved what art would labor long to produce.

A later design of this sacred man, much better drawn, and of a subsequent period, depicts the figure of a man nearly five feet high, adorned with bison horns atop his head. And, here is the symbolic significance of it, within the space of those horns, a TERRACED EFFECT, to denote that he, as Medicine Man, also combined in his person the office of "rain maker!"

Consult the second figure in the hand drawing, upper line.

What intent could be plainer than to invest my man with this double insignia of office—horns and castelated notches?

But wait a moment. It can't all be said in one breath.

That this figure, carved on the cliffs, was a symbol of the highest religious functionary of the tribe, he who interpreted direct from "Those Above" to man, and that he was the "official rain maker" for his followers, is further denoted by the fact that he stands on a horizontal bar, from which descend seven vertical bars, signifying actual rain falling!

He made good in bringing rain.

ANY SIGNIFICANCE TO SEVEN?

Readers of the *Era* may have already browsed past my slow-moving thought expression, and found a deep significance in the use of the sacred number seven, in denoting the number of bars beneath the figure of my mystic "rain maker;" if so, maybe they would be intensely joyed to find on Plate 89 of the *Thirty-third Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution* that a bank of three huge cumulus clouds, with forked lightning shooting out from them, has *seven* bars of rain dripping from the clouds; that on page 259 of the same report the sun emblem is drawn with *seven* radiating rays from the circle—both being emblems encountered among the present-day Indians of New Mexico. And so close was the affinity of the past with the present that a tribal sign is found rayed with *seven* rays at Deseret, carved in the long ago, and also, a circle divided into *seven* compartments!

Seven bars dropping from rain clouds appear six times in the *Twenty-first Annual Report!* (See the design in the hand writing marker, Plate 89.)

The readers of the *Era* will not be content with the explanation that it was "just a mere coincidence" that this recurrence of the sacred number seven is thus encountered among the ancient aborigines of our land. To them, the sun, highest physical manifestation of the Great Spirit, sacred emblem of that Divinity toward whom the child of nature, our brown-skinned brother, stood in deepest reverential awe, was always referred to by the Indians as "Our Sun Father;" and in response to his warm caresses fruitful Mother Earth brings forth her progeny in myriad form, both animal and vegetable. The great man of science, John Tyndall, couched this thought in the beauties of *A Scientific Imagination*, by conceding to the sun the source of all life and power, whose emanations are received in the person of Mother Earth and brought to fructification.

Those readers will ask if it was "just a mere coincidence" that such a symbol of deep import should be rayed with *seven* marks?

It is highly informative that this should be so depicted here and there—here in ancient hieroglyph, and there in symbolic pottery, both based on deep religious significance.

THE TENACITY OF A RELIGIOUS RITE

All authors that I have read aver that the primitive Indian was intensely religious; that his life was prayerful; that he had many customs, rites and public observances of deep religious import.

Suppose I could show you that on the lava rocks near Deseret is a hieroglyph of a dance procession which has passed down through the centuries, and today, after hundreds of years, is still observed in Arizona, and the self-same dance pictured in a text book by a photograph!

Suppose I could show you that hieroglyph and photo are of the same subject, what would you say?

"Prove it," I think would be your first ejaculation.

Adolph F. Bandelier, in whose honor and memory "Bandelier National Monument" was named, was a very painstaking, conscientious author, a student of the Indian at close range, and in complete sympathy with this child grown up. In his book, *The Delight Makers*, opposite page 18 of the edition of 1918, is a reproduction of a photograph of a dance procession of the sacred yearly ceremonial called, "The Corn Dance." This thanksgiving rite held highest religious significance among all the many public observances of this intensely religious people.

The interpretation of the symbology of that dance is most interesting. Yearly, when the corn had ripened, and crops were assured, the Indians held a dance procession, symbolical of the growing and ripened corn. The maiden kernels of corn, sown in the fructifying bosom of Mother Earth, have been vivified by the warm caresses of the kindly sun, and have sprouted into the green shoots, which, through the beneficence of "Those Above" to bring a con-

tinuance of the rains which matured the growing corn, the green shoots have ripened into the matured ear. The Indian, grateful for the kindness of the Great Spirit, gives thanks publicly in most holy rite. The Koshare (those important initiates into the secret mysticism of the tribe) have done their work well. Through constant prayers to "Those Above," before whom they have interceded in man's behalf, have come the warming rays of a smiling sun, the moisture of the falling rain, and the miracle of growth. They have asked that all seeds ripen, which has been granted.

So an interpretive dance is given yearly. Maidens of the tribe, symbolizing the maidens' kernels of corn sown in the fruitful earth, walk in solemn procession, each adorned with a headdress of terraced steps, symbolical of the so-much-needed rain, part of the headdress painted green to signify the growing corn sprouts, and the upper part of each terrace painted yellow to denote the ripened ear; on the headdress a rayed circle symbolizes "Our Father, the Sun;" and another circle, but unrayed, symbolizes "Our Mother, the Earth."

This symbolic headdress is shown as the first object in the lower line to the left in hand drawing—three bands of the rainbow over the ear of corn; the sun, the earth, and the vari-colored terraced steps. Surmounting each terrace floats a feather, so lightly significant of the prayers of the devout which rise heavenward!

Could symbolism be more beautiful? What nicer than this conception? We call wheat our "staff of life," but to the Indian the native maize corn was his necessity, a veritable and true "staff," on which he leaned for almost entire support. And his devotions poured out in thanks that he should be blessed with good crops.

What one of us say more than a hasty "grace," if even that, at Thanksgiving time? A fine to-do for the "superior race," which has lost all its simplicity in "over-much book larnin'." Much it can learn from the more religious Indian, who lives closer to the powers of nature, and whose gratefulness expresses itself more simply.

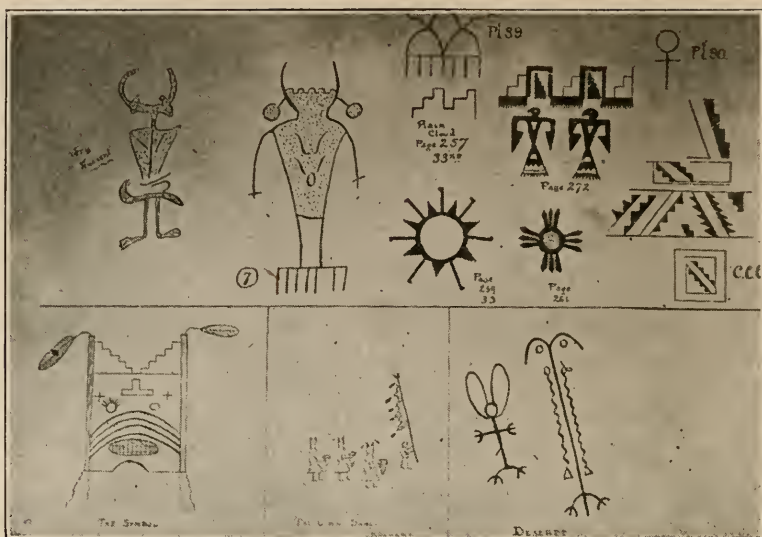
THIS PROCESSION DEPICTED IN ANCIENT HIEROGLYPH

The hand drawing shows a man walking ahead, bearing the tribal banner, a robe adorned with the symbolical prayers (feathers), which prayers, added to those of the symbolic maidens and the Koshare, beseech "Those Above" to continue their favors and bless the tribe: each maiden bears in her hand a sheaf of the native Indian maize corn.

These are the bundles I show in their hands.

I wonder if I have put this significant interpretive dance before the readers of the *Era* with that absorbing interest it holds to me? Have I shown them that the Indian has risen to a noble height? That he has embodied a deep import into his symbolism, and that this sacred procession in his pueblo is worthy of our highest commendation?

If then I have, fix the appearance of the hand drawing firmly in mind; then study its salient and ideographic features as depicted



A study in symbolis as found in petroglyph in Western Utah and found enacted in dance ceremonials in New Mexico today, or employed as well in Hopi pottery.

in the right-hand drawing of the lower line. Stripped to its barest rudiments, we find that its elemental characteristic is "a walking pole," and a person following that actor with a huge headdress on. By a walking pole, I mean a pole born aloft.

Now turn back to the unretouched photograph which heads this article, and find, prominent in that original, the identical WALKING POLE AND MAIDEN WITH HEADDRESS FOLLOWING depicted in that rock carving at Deseret! And then turn to the photo appearing at the close of this article, and note the same characteristics appearing in a Smithsonian Institution report, even to the point of the eyes in the mask near the top of the pole, which exactly duplicate the two huge eyes carved at Deseret above the pole!

I believe I have proved my case.

Go over it again; isolate the distinctive features for easy recognition, and the scene I have been so long visualizing for you, in a few hasty strokes is ideographically drawn by fitting a long pole with legs and feet, to signify that it walks—rather, that a man bears it aloft! Behind, follows a maiden wearing the huge headdress of that deeply significant symbolism!

And that very same ideograph is employed at Deseret on a rock carving centuries old.

With this explanation, the transition from the ideograph of the ancient craftsman to the photograph of the modern dance is easy.

Rites, deep-rooted religious observances, and tribal customs cling

tenaciously. Here is one that has clung through the vicissitudes of the Indian, clung despite the conquering of that race by the Spaniards, clung despite the thin glaze of "Churchanity" which has whitewashed my red brother ever so lightly. Deep down within that man who stands so close to nature lives this elemental dance (properly as it should, nor should it be uprooted by zealot for any faith); he holds his own thanksgiving scene, the flowering in perfect symbolism of a thankful heart, grateful to "Those Above" for blessings bestowed.

This scene was cut on a stone near Deseret hundreds of years ago.

Oh, the joy of this chase after symbolism! It has taken us afield through the realms of Chaldea, Egypt, gotten our alphabet for us from Phoenecian traders, and finds our interest whetted to the utmost in the desert of an arid region linked with a Pueblo dance, the one separated from the other by miles of space and centuries of time.

If my efforts stimulate better qualified observers, then indeed will my labors have born fruit. So interesting is the field of endeavor that one may well consecrate several years of the slim remainder of life to a close study of a subject so absorbingly interesting, and one which yields so startling results.

Note: Plate LVII, opposite page 10 of the *Twenty-first Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, 1899-1900, on the subject of "Hopi-Katcinas," shows a drawing of the significant features of this same dance, which reduced to an ideagraphic form would be found to be a man bearing a long pole, accompanied by a maiden (in this instance two maidens), each maiden wearing the symbolic headdress. On the pole borne by this man is a mask furnished with tufts of the growing corn and marked with two big eyes. I have gotten permission from the Smithsonian Institution to reproduce this plate, and present it at the end of this article, for the edification of *Era* readers. It is most significant to the subject matter.

I think my assumption well sustained that the hieroglyph at Deseret is this self-same dance scene,—backward in time, many centuries.

And finally, as proof that the Indian formerly living in western Utah is related to his brother living in pueblos farther south, read with attention this statement from the *Thirty-sixth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*:

Mr. Niel M. Judd's preliminary observations among a limited number of rooms in western Utah indicate the former existence of a people whose dwellings developed in natural sequence from single, earth-covered shelters, such as those at Willard, to groups of more permanent structures like those at Beaver, Paragonah, and elsewhere, and finally to allied cliff houses similar to those in Cottonwood Canyon. [Near Kanab.] The construction of these several types of houses and the character of the artifacts found in them point to a close relationship between their builders and the better known pre-Puebloan peoples of New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado. Whether these primitive structures in Utah actually antedate the communal dwellings in the states named or whether they represent an offshoot from the more highly developed Pueblo culture is a point not yet determined. *The relationship is certain, however,* [Italics mine] and future investigations may be expected to determine its limits. * * The archaeological data collected by Mr. Judd during his two brief expeditions to western Utah are sufficient to

warrant the extension of the northern limits of the area known to have been occupied by the ancient Pueblo people."



The manner in which a native artist represents for the Smithsonian Institution the man bearing a pole, accompanied by the two (in this instance two instead of one) Corn Maidens. Note the mask with eyes on the pole, agreeing exactly with Deseret. Were this presented ideographically, it is almost exactly identical with the hieroglyph found at Deseret, carved many centuries before. This reproduced by permission from the Smithsonian Institution.

Dawn

God of the Universe, how beautiful thy works!
 On the horizon's utmost edge a gleam
 Of dawn is breaking. 'Tis day's first beam.
 Silv'ry and far it seems, but still there lurks
 A world of beauty there; misty it is now,
 But the Eternal City's pavement is seen
 Crusted with gems, the colors from the bow
 Of promise. Topaz, gold, emerald green,
 Crimson, amethyst, their radiance spreads.
 Night's Queen has gone, she faded from sight,
 Outshone by the splendor of Dawn's wondrous light.
 Sunrise beauty, God's love sheds,
 Like the protection of guardian angel's wings,
 And brings a blessed foretaste of eternal springs.

San Diego, Calif.

D. C. RETSLOFF.

NOTES ON THE BOOK OF MORMON

By J. M. SJODAHL

IV

How the Prophet was prepared for the Work of Translation.

Just how the translation of the plates was effected is not known, except that it was done by the "gift and power of God."* But this we know, that when Joseph Smith received the volume, Sept. 22, 1827, he was well prepared for the—from a mere human point of view—extraordinarily difficult task entrusted to him.

His special training commenced on Sept. 21, 1823, when the Angel Moroni first visited him. The heavenly messenger told Joseph of the existence of the book, and also explained its contents.† He said it was an account of the former inhabitants of this continent. From a letter by Oliver Cowdery‡ we learn that the angel "gave a general account of the promises made to the fathers, and also gave a history of the aborigines of this country, and said they were literal descendants of Abraham. He represented them as once being an enlightened and intelligent people, possessing a correct knowledge of the gospel, and the plan of restoration and redemption." From this it appears that the angel gave Joseph quite a detailed account of the historical contents of the Book.

But the information imparted by the angel was not limited to Book-of-Mormon history; Moroni explained to Joseph the everlasting gospel, as delivered by our Lord to the ancient inhabitants of America. He explained the use of the Urim and Thummim. He quoted the Old Testament on the coming of the Lord, the restoration of the Priesthood, and salvation for the dead, as implied in the prophecy of Malachi. He spoke of the gathering of the "remnant," and of the Millennium, as predicted by Isaiah (chap. 11); of the pouring out of the Spirit upon all flesh, as foretold by Joel (2:28-32), and of the second advent, as preached by Peter (Acts 3:19-23). Three times during the night did the angel appear, and again the following morning, and each time he repeated his message as first delivered, each time adding some new item of instruction. He spoke of great judgments that were to come upon the earth, and of the temptations the prophet would have to overcome, warning him not to yield to selfishness. In other words, the angel outlined to him the entire plan of salvation. For four years, on each 22nd of September, the interviews

*Testimony of the Three Witnesses.

†Pearl of Great Price, p. 51, v. 34, new ed.

‡Mess. and Adv., vol. 1, p. 80.

were repeated at the hill Cumorah. After such preparations Joseph began the translation, guided by the divine Spirit.*

Martin Harris Writes. Martin Harris wrote the first 116 pages, as the Prophet Joseph dictated them. These, however, were lost, through the almost criminal negligence of the scribe. The Lord, then, provided another amanuensis.

It may be that the hand of the Lord was manifested in this incident for good, although that may not at first have been apparent. It is quite probable that Harris did not possess the necessary education to wield the pen in the production of this great literary work.

Oliver Cowdery as Scribe. On April 5, 1829, Oliver Cowdery arrived in the home of the Prophet Joseph, at Harmony, Pa., having undertaken that journey for the purpose of obtaining information concerning the book, after having heard the marvelous story of its coming forth, as related by members of the family. Two days after his arrival in Harmony the translation was resumed from the beginning, with Oliver Cowdery as scribe.†

Translation Completed at the Home of the Whitmers. At the beginning of the month of June, 1829, the Prophet Joseph received an invitation from the Whitmers, who lived at Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y., to come and stay with them until the translation should be finished. The invitation was gratefully received. At the Whitmer farm the work proceeded rapidly. The translation was completed

*About the time the angel delivered the plates to the Prophet Joseph, some of those who afterwards joined the Church had a remarkable vision. President Heber C. Kimball, in a sermon in Salt Lake City, Nov. 26, 1854, related the manifestation as follows:

"President Young, myself, Phineas Young, and many others saw it. We saw an army start from the east and go to the south, and there were twelve men in a column, and one column came right after the other, so that when the first stepped, the next stepped in their track, and they had swords, guns, knapsacks, caps, and feathers, and we could see them march with a uniform step from one side of heaven to the other. This we saw with our natural eyes and looked upon it for hours. It was the very night that the angel delivered the plates to Joseph Smith. This army marched to the southwest, and they marched as if there was a battle to take place; and we could hear the clashing of their swords and guns, and the measured tread of their march, just as plain as I ever heard the movements of troops on the earth."—*Jour. of Dis.*, Vol. 2, p. 161.

Heber C. Kimball was twenty-six years old when he had this remarkable vision. Four years later he joined the Church by baptism, April 15, 1832. Brigham Young was baptized a year later, April 14, 1833.

†It was while thus engaged, on May 15, 1829, that the Aaronic Priesthood was conferred upon them by John the Baptist, who also instructed them to baptize and ordain each other to that Priesthood. On the same occasion they were promised the Melchizedek Priesthood, which promise was fulfilled under the hands of Peter, James and John in the wilderness between Harmony, Susquehanna Co., and Colesville, Brown County, on the banks of the Susquehanna river, some time between May 15 and the end of June, 1829.—*History of the Church*, vol. 1, pp. 40-1.

on July 1, 1829,* and the first edition, three thousand copies, was printed at Palmyra by Mr. F. B. Gradin. It was ready for distribution early in the year 1830.

Two Manuscripts. Two identical manuscripts were made. One, written almost in its entirety by Oliver Cowdery, was the copy used by the printer.† This, finally, came into the custody of David Whitmer, who prized it so highly that he refused to part with it on any condition. The other, the Prophet Joseph kept. It was deposited in one of the cornerstones of the Nauvoo House, Oct. 2, 1841. Portions of it, unfortunately somewhat damaged by dampness, were carefully preserved by the late President Joseph F. Smith, after the exodus from Nauvoo.

Foreign Versions. The Book of Mormon is a message to "Jew and Gentile,"‡ to "all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people."§ Consequently, as soon as missionary work was undertaken outside the English-speaking world, translations of the marvelous record were made.

The first foreign version published was the Danish. The translation was made by Elder P. O. Hansen. This was carefully revised by Elder Erastus Snow, the Apostle, in 1851, and two thousand copies were printed in Copenhagen. In 1852 a French version was published in Paris by Elder John Taylor, and an Italian in London, by Elder Lorenzo Snow, both members of the Apostles' Council; also a German version in Hamburg, by Elders John Taylor and G. Parker Dykes; and a Welsh, by Elder John Davis, at Myrthyr Tydfil. A Hawaiian translation was published in San Francisco, by Elder George Q. Cannon, in 1855. A Swedish version was published in Copenhagen, 1878, by Elder August W. Carlson; a Spanish, under direction of Elder Moses Thatcher, in Salt Lake City, 1886; a Maori, in Auckland, N. Z., 1889; a Dutch, by J. W. F. Volker, in Amsterdam, 1890; a Samoan, in Salt Lake City, 1903; a Tahitian, at Papeete, Tahiti, Society Islands, 1904; a Turkish, translated under the direction of Elder F. F. Hintze, in New York, 1906; and a Japanese, in Tokyo, 1909. A translation into Hebrew was completed in 1922, by Brother Henry Miller, in Salt Lake City. This has not yet been published.

In Royal Palaces. On January 19, 1841, the word of the Lord came to the Saints, instructing them to make the gospel known to kings, to the president-elect,|| and to all nations.** This revelation

*David Whitmer, *Mill. Star*, vol. 43, p. 421.

†*History of the Church*, vol. 1, p. 75.

‡See Title Page, Book of Mormon.

§Testimony of the Witnesses

||Wm. H. Harrison, the ninth president of the United States, who was inaugurated March 4, 1841. The Prophet said of him: "We voted for General Harrison because we loved him. He was a gallant officer and a true friend."—Nauvoo, Ill., Dec. 29, 1841; *Times and Seasons*, vol. 3, p. 651.

**D. and C., Sec. 124:1-14.

was read to the Saints at the general conference in Nauvoo, April 7, 1841.

In London. In 1842 the Book of Mormon was sent to the royal palace in London. Concerning this, the following brief account appears in the biography of Lorenzo Snow, by Eliza R. Snow, p. 63:

"Before leaving London, Elder Lorenzo Snow presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, through the politeness of Sir Henry Wheatly, two neatly bound copies of the Book of Mormon, which had been donated by President Brigham Young and left in the care of Elder Snow for that purpose."

The date of the presentation is not given, but the event inspired a beautiful poem by the gifted sister of Elder Snow.

In Copenhagen. The appearance of the Danish version of the Book of Mormon in Copenhagen seems to have been the cause of considerable excitement among the people, which resulted in an agitation for government action against the elders, notwithstanding the constitutional guarantee of religious freedom. Elder Erastus Snow, therefore, sent a deputation to the king, Frederik VII, and presented him with a copy of the Book and a newly printed tract. This was in 1851. The Book of Mormon, it seems, fell into the hands of the Queen Dowager, and, according to rumors that later leaked out from the palace, she became so affected by reading it that her attendants felt quite alarmed. However, the government declined to interfere with the labors of the elders.*

In Berlin. Some time during the year 1852, King Frederic Wilhelm IV., of Prussia, instructed his minister in Washington to make inquiries concerning "Mormonism." At that time Mr. Bernhisel was Utah's delegate to Congress in Washington, and he, undoubtedly, gave the Prussian ambassador the desired information. In addition, some literature was forwarded to the king from the Church office in Liverpool.

At the general conference in Salt Lake City, Sept. 1, 1852, a deputation, consisting of Elders Orson Spencer and Jacob Houtz, was appointed to go to Berlin, and, if an audience were granted, answer all questions concerning the Church, that might be asked. The two elders arrived in Berlin, and on Jan. 29, 1853, they addressed a respectful communication to His Excellency von Raumer, the state minister of ecclesiastical affairs, asking him to procure an audience for them. Shortly afterwards they received a summons from the prefect of police to appear before him on Feb. 1, and that was the only reply von Raumer condescended to give.

At police headquarters, the elders were examined concerning their doctrines and practices. Then they were ordered to leave Prussia the next day and never return.† A full report of the proceedings at police headquarters had undoubtedly been sent to the king.

*Letter from Erastus Snow to Brigham Young, dated Liverpool, July 10, 1851.

†Letter from Orson Spencer to Brigham Young, dated Liverpool, Feb. 8, 1853.

In Stockholm. In 1897, Oscar II., then king of both Sweden and Norway, celebrated, with his beloved consort, Queen Sophia, the Twenty-fifth anniversary of their accession to the thrones of the two kingdoms. That was a social event of which cognizance was taken throughout the civilized world, because of the popularity of that truly great Bernadotte. Scandinavians abroad and their descendants welcomed the occasion as one on which to express, by congratulations and more or less costly tokens of remembrance, their well-wishes for the royal house. In Utah a number of men and women of Swedish and Norwegian descent decided to send their majesties, with their congratulations, a copy of the Book of Mormon in elegant binding, as an appropriate and characteristic present. A box of Utah onyx, to which was attached a gold plate with a suitable inscription, was carved by Mr. Olof Nilson, of Salt Lake City. It was quite an artistic design. The Book, in its spotless, white, velvet covers, with a picture of the Temple in gold, was deposited in this beautiful receptacle, resting on a bed of silk made up of the Swedish and Norwegian colors.

When the unique present was ready for its long journey, the First Presidency of the Church decided to send a special messenger to Stockholm, to deliver it in person. That mission was entrusted to the writer.

On my arrival in Stockholm, through the courtesy of Count von Rosen and Count Von Essen, I obtained an audience with the king, in the palace, Sept. 22, 1897. The following paragraphs are from the official report of the Jubilee for that date:

"After the delegation* had retired, his Majesty admitted Mr. J. M. Sjodahl, from Utah, who, on behalf of Swedes and Norwegians there residing, presented his Majesty with a casket made of onyx and containing the Book of Mormon in de luxe binding. Mr. Sjodahl said:

"Your Majesty! I have come from Utah, one of the western states of the North American Union, to bring your Majesty, on behalf of Swedes and Norwegians there, homage and congratulations. We, too, in the far-away West, are praying the Almighty to grant to your Majesty long life, for the welfare of the brother-nations."

"His Majesty replied in part:

"Tell my countrymen, the Swedes and Norwegians in Utah, that I thank them sincerely for the beautiful present they have sent me. I wish them success in their far-away land'."†

From the letter of congratulation sent by the First Presidency, I make this extract:

"Elder Sjodahl has been selected by his fellow-countrymen, natives of Sweden and Norway, a large body of whom reside in and are citizens of the

*Refers to a delegation of Upsala students.

†*Redogorelse for Konung Oscar II:s 25-åriga Regeringsjubileum*, p. 231; also *Deseret News*, Oct. 12, 1897.

state of Utah, to proceed to the court of their Majesties, King Oscar II and Queen Sophia, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their ascension to the throne, for the purpose of presenting in their name and behalf, to their Majesties a casket made of Utah onyx, containing a copy of the Book of Mormon, as an expression of the high esteem, affection and love which the Scandinavians of this Intermountain region entertain for their Majesties, with the hope and earnest desire that their Majesties will live to witness many happy returns of this most auspicious event.

"And we, ourselves, though not of the Scandinavian race, do most heartily join with our Scandinavian friends and fellow-citizens in desiring long life, peace, prosperity, and happiness for their Majesties, King OSCAR II and Queen SOPHIA, of Sweden and Norway.—*Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith, First Presidency, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.*

"Salt Lake City, Utah, U. S. A., Aug. 20, 1897."*

I did not think of it at the time, but I discovered afterwards that the presentation to the king was made on the seventieth anniversary of the very day the original plates were delivered to the Prophet Joseph by Moroni.

*Redogorelse etc., p. 119. An elegant copy of this "Redogorelse," or official report, was sent to me the following year, by the direction of the king, accompanied by the following note: "Pa Nadigste befallning far Chefen for H. M. Konungens Hofforvaltning harmed aran ofverlemna ett exemplar af Redogorelsen for H. M. Konungens 25-ariga regerings jubileum, Stockholm den 17, September, 1898."

The Narrow Way

There is a road to peace and sweet content,
We know the narrow path the Saviour meant,
From its rugged tracks we view the other way—
Broad, smooth, and crowded night and day,
So many are deceived and walk therein,
Intent a world of gayety to win.

So much of selfishness, of hate and sin,
Is there, 'till sorrow's cups fill to the brim.
The little sacrifice, the quiet restraint,
Old fashioned ways and rules so quaint,
We could not bear, and so we turned unto the left,
Alas! We saved our life but now we are bereft.

We need not wait 'til God shall call us home,
Across the shining river with its thin white foam.
Eternal peace may here our glad hearts fill,
And Joy, like heaven's dew, upon our souls distill—
Who humbly steer their way, avoiding strife,
Along the narrow path that leadeth unto life.

KERSHAW N. WHITE

GOD'S ANSWER TO THE INDIAN

BY CHARLES H. HART, OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF SEVENTY, AND
PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN MISSION

I met here today Elder C. Gordon Whyte, of Regina, Sasch., Canada, who told me the following story, which I think will be of interest to the readers of the *Improvement Era*:

About six years ago (1921), I was impressed to drive over to the show grounds of Regina, where a number of Indians were encamped. The Department of Indian Affairs allows Indians to supply so many tepees from each reserve, representing the tribes (the tepee represents the family). The Exhibition Board grants space for them to camp on the exhibition ground.

In driving up to the camp ground, I stopped and walked over to where they were encamped and conversed with an Indian named John Gambler, who was able to speak English fluently. I started to tell him about a book, which book contains a record of his people. At first he thought I was a book agent, but I assured him that I was not selling the book, as it was a history of his ancestors. At once he became interested, and invited me out to the reservation. I promised to comply with his request, and shortly afterwards drove out fifty miles to the Muscowtutung Reserve. On arriving at Mr. Gambler's home, there were about fifteen Indians gathered to hear about the book I had previously mentioned. I started to tell him the history of the Book of Mormon; where it originated, and how the Prophet Joseph Smith had translated it by the power of God. I preached the gospel to them in its simplicity for about three hours, and they were very attentive and greatly interested. They asked to borrow the Book of Mormon, and requested that I return at the earliest possible date. It was agreed that in about two weeks I would come out and preach to them again.

On arriving at the Indian's home the second time, there was a large number of pure-blood Indians present, both old and young. I perceived immediately that it would be necessary to use an interpreter, and asked John Gambler if he would act. After certain ceremonies of welcoming me, they requested that I talk. After speaking about half an hour, I noticed one man wished to say something, and I discontinued my discourse. This is the story he told:

"About eight or ten years ago [previous to my visit], a Cree Indian, on the Moose Mountain Reserve, by the name of Tom Pacapace, had a great sorrow come upon him in the death of his wife. His great love for his companion was such that he became greatly disturbed in his mind as to whether he would ever see her again in the 'happy hunting ground.' Being of a religious turn of mind, he started to pray and fast and he continued this practice for four

years, and the tribe clothed and fed him during this time. The two things he desired to know was, who the God of his fathers is, and whether he would meet his wife in the next world. At the end of four years, he said, an angel came down to his tent one night and took him into heaven toward the east. He did not know whether he was in the body or out of the body. When they arrived at a great temple, the angel opened the door and bade him enter. He did so and saw before him countless numbers of spiritual beings, and one who seemed to be in great authority, sitting upon a throne, and who, he perceived, was a man like unto himself. The glory was so great that he could look upon him only a moment. The one in authority asked him this question: Why was it he prayed and fasted for the last four years? And he answered, because he desired to know for himself who the God of his fathers is, and whether or not he would see his wife again who had previously died. He was then ushered out of the temple, and the angel took him back to his tent. This experience happened four nights in succession. He said he was taken up into the east, the west, the north, and the south. The fourth night, the Being who was in authority then said, 'Do you see that pool of water near your tent?' He said he could see it very plainly. 'Now,' he said, 'in the morning, you go down to that deep pool of water and disrobe yourself and cleanse yourself; then go down into the water; come up out of the water. After you have done this, you will rub your body all over with sweet grass.' (Sweet grass is the emblem of purity to the Indians.) Then he said, 'Do you see that little hill a little way from the pool?' The Indian said he could see it very clearly. 'You will go over to that hill and stand there, and you will find out what you want to know.'

"In the morning, he did as he was directed, and, on reaching the hill, he stood there a minute or two, and nothing happened. All at once he heard a rushing wind in the heavens, and in looking up he saw a beam of light coming down out of the heavens, and in a moment an angel stood in his presence, about two feet off the ground. The angel said he had been sent of God to tell him what he wished to know. 'Now,' he said, 'the Man or Being you saw in authority in the great temple is the God of your fathers, and he is a man like unto yourself; but through the transgression of your ancestors your people lost the knowledge of God. The angel asked him to look west. He said he looked toward the west, and he saw darkness for many generations. Then the angel asked him to look toward the east, and he saw the sun just coming up, and he saw the truth spread upon the earth, and that finally his people would hear the truth in its fulness. The angel told him that he would see his wife in the spirit world; that he, himself, would be an instrument in the hands of God to begin the work of preaching the truth to the different tribes. For eight years he had traveled in the different reserves, telling them what knowledge he had gained through prayer.'

On the reserve where Elder Whyte was preaching to them, there

were thirteen families at that time who accepted him as the leader, believing what he said. Some years previous to the visit of Elder Whyte, the Indian had prophesied to these very people that the day would come when a white man would visit them, and would be a different kind of a white man from those with whom they usually came in contact, and that he would not talk with a forked tongue; that whatever he would say would be the truth; that this white man would have a book, which he would offer them without price and that the book would be a record of their people. He also told them, Elder Whyte said, that the white man who was to come would have authority to preach the gospel to them and perform all the ordinances of the gospel, and that he would be humble and would show by his works that he was a friend of the Indians. According to them, on the second visit, they could not keep this information to themselves any longer, and they were all sure that Elder Whyte was the man they had been looking for during those several years, and that the book he brought was the very record of their people.

During the course of the meeting, Elder Whyte sang, "Oh, my Father," and John Gambler interpreted the song from the book. Before he got through the second stanza, old men of eighty-five to ninety years of age were weeping like children, and fifty or sixty Indians who were present received knowledge through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit that our heavenly Father had not forgotten them. These Indians would join the Church, if the way were opened up to do so; but, due to certain government regulations, it is not advisable to create a disturbance, which might follow, if this were done now.

Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

The Assurance of Faith

Who cares that all earth's living verdure goes
To its own soil from which its sap now flows?
Who cares that all the bodies of mankind
Alike the self-same destiny shall find,
As kindred of the meadow and the world,
Returning ever to the lowly mould?
Can man within his vain philosophy
Evade concurrence of this dread decree?
Is there for him a purpose or a plan
To change this order for the race of man?
Not any!—lest he feels the inner sense
That oft declares a better recompense—
Where faith brings him assurance to assume
A better life beyond this common tomb!

Maywood, Calif.

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

"MORMON" TROOPS IN 1846

[Through the courtesy of Miss Daphne Smith, of Salt Lake City, the *Era* is able to reprint a letter written before the settlement of Utah, and containing interesting references to pre-pioneer day conditions, and to the Mormon Battalion, which then was enroute to Mexico. The letter was furnished by Maj. Gen. Wm. Carter to the *Cavalry Journal*, at Washington, D. C., and published in 1922. It was written by Lieutenant Clarendon I. L. Wilson to Dr. Armistead Mott, of Leesburg, Virginia, was folded and sealed without an envelope, as was the custom of that period. Lieut. Wilson went with his command to California, and later returned to New Mexico, where he died in 1852, at the age of 28 years. His letter follows:—*Editors.*]

FORT LEAVENWORTH, AUG. 12, 1846

Dear Mott:—I reached this place two days ago, and having a little time to spare take this opportunity of writing to you. I found here more than two thousand troops (if these untamed volunteers deserve the name), but the number is daily diminishing as they are put enroute for Santa Fe. This place is, at present, a perfect Bedlam—the damndest, noisy, dusty place that I have ever met with. You can hear nothing; for the teamsters are breaking mules and oxen to the wagons, and cursing, yelling at and thrashing them incessantly. The "Mormon" force are getting under headway today. I have just seen the rear of the 3d "Mormon" company file past. There are several more of the same command to leave to-morrow. The "Mormons" are the most orderly of the forces that I have seen at this place. I think that they are more likely to do credit to themselves, if brought into action, than the other volunteers.

This is a very pretty place—just on the outskirts of civilization—lots of Indians in their original, wild state visiting it every day. I wish that you would come out and try this trip—I think (throwing out of consideration the hardships) that we shall have a tall time. It is a much more expensive affair than I had anticipated. The outfit is an expensive one in the line of articles necessary for a prairie life, such as cooking utensils, blankets, knives, axes, oil-cloth (to protect against the expected long rains) quantities of woolen clothing, horses or mules, etc., etc. I am going out in company with one of my classmates and we club together in the major part of the outfit. Mules are selling at from 80 to 130 dollars—horses at about the same, although you can get some knotty, stunted old fellows at less. Mules and horses are in the greatest demand—one might make his fortune, if he had grazed this kind of cattle largely. Myself and friend had to purchase 5 horses between us, one apiece to ride in order to spare as much as possible our parade horses, the other for our servant: it being absolutely necessary to get a servant at any rate of hire—the officers here saying that "it was absolutely necessary." I should have preferred getting three mules, but the rate at which they are selling is too exorbitant.

We are now nearly ready, so far as our personal effects are concerned, to set out, but are detained by order of the ranking officer at this post. He says that he wants to send me out with a supply of government stores under my charge. There is another officer here who perhaps will start out in charge of them and as he is much my senior in years, I should like it a great deal better as it would take the responsibility off my hands. If I am sent, I shall have a company of "Mormons," I expect, as an escort, and if the Comanches undertake to carry the stores off, they'll catch hell or I'm mistaken. If I command them, perhaps, I shall get off in a day or two, if not I shall be detained perhaps a week. It has been almost a week since I commenced this letter.

The greater part of the "Mormon" and other volunteers are now on their way to Santa Fe. Gen. Kearny is in all probability there at this time, as an express arrived from Bent's Fort a day or two ago, saying that when he left, Kearny proposed leaving Bent's the next day and marching into Santa Fe. The distance between the latter places is about 12 or 14 days march. The express thinks that there is no chance of a fight. Capt. P. St. G. Cook of the 1st Dragoons had been despatched with 12 men and a flag of truce to Santa Fe. You will perhaps learn from the papers the information brought by the express, more correctly than I did, amidst the bustle and confusion here. If I had had my own way about the matter I should have been on the Santa Fe trail 5 days ago at least.

Give my love to my sisters, my respects to all my friends, substituting names, particularly the Greys', Harrisons', Tylers', Powells', Masons', Bentleys', Sinclairs', etc., etc. Tell Charley and John Wildman that they would better come out with *you* and try this trip.

C. I. L. WILSON, *1st Reg, Dragoons.*

The Word

There was a message passed along,
Breathed into the listening ear
Of a mountain bold and strong,
Whispered by a lordly sphere;—
"Say to the stately swaying one,
'Pass the word, the goodly word
To the herald waiting in the dawn.'"

Just as the sun peeped o'er the hill,
A brave, angelic little bird
Raised aloft his tiny bill.
"Behold!" said he, "I form the word,
'Pass the word, the goodly word
I shout of all Omnipotence—
Intelligence! Intelligence!'"

MILLARD F. MALIN

THE PASSING OF OLD FORT CALLVILLE

BY RULON BEUS

Mack is an old frontiersman. He came west when he was twenty years old and has been here ever since. He is now ninety-five years old. His hands and face are dried and brown from many rough years under the hot southern-Nevada sun. His beard and what hair he has on his head are thin and of a brownish or sunburned gray. He walks with a firm step, in spite of his age, and his rather slim figure shows signs of having been very strong and hardy. He isn't given much to talking, but is a man of action; hence, it was with some difficulty that he was persuaded to tell about Callville.

When he decided to do so, however, a reflective little smile came over his drawn face. He sat out on the edge of his old chair, leaned on his staff and I think that in his mind he lived over again those grueling, but interesting, days on that western frontier.

About sixty-three years ago, according to his story, or in the year 1864, the "Mormons" faced a very difficult problem. Here they were way out west with but very few supplies and no practical way of getting more. True, here was the old trail across the plains to the East. A few supplies could be freighted from that way, but to bring large loads of goods over so long and difficult a road was uphill business. Then there were Indians and bandits to contend with. All these things made it nearly impossible to supply a rapidly increasing population from that way.

The west coast was a little nearer, but there was that great, dry, hot, sandy desert.

When asked if the pony express and the stages weren't going across the desert all right, he said,

"Oh, yes," then went on to tell where the southern route was. There were a few watering places on the west and south of St. George. The Virgin and Moapa rivers helped. Then there was the historical Stewart ranch, but, even with these, the desert was so sandy, rough and hot that it wasn't practical to try to freight many supplies from the west.

These difficulties caused the merchants of Salt Lake City to try another plan. They decided to buy the goods in San Francisco and ship them down the coast to the Gulf of California. From here they would be taken by lighter boats up the Colorado river to a point about forty miles south of where Las Vegas now stands, and there they would be unloaded into a store-house and held until they could be freighted to Salt Lake City.

After a thorough investigation of the route, plans were made and Mr. Call was sent down to build the store-house on the bank of

the river. Mr. Call got some men together, one of whom was our old friend, Mack, and went to work. These men gathered rocks, made their own lime, cut and hauled the lumber for the roof and, after considerable hard labor and time, completed the building.

However, by the time this store-house was ready for use, the construction of the transcontinental railroad had gone on so far that the Salt Lake merchants decided to abandon this old route, and wait for the railroad. But, this wasn't the end of the history of Callville. Some San Francisco merchants decided to try to ship some goods up the river and then on to Utah. They fitted out a ship, called the *Silver Heels*, loaded her with about \$30,000 worth of goods, and sent her down the coast and up the river to the same old store-house which the "Mormons" had built about two years before. The goods were all stored away in this building and a man was left there to watch them for a year, when some teams from St. George were hired to haul them north. Some of the supplies were sold on the way, and what were left were taken to Salt Lake City, where they were all, eventually, sold.

Of course, the difficulties of this route far outweighed the advantages, especially after the completion of the railroads; hence, it has long since been abandoned. Though they have weathered many scorching summers and frosty winters, the walls of that old building still stand and are as solid as the day they were built. The lumber which formed the roof has all been taken for better use, but the walls are still silently waiting to do their bit to help a worthy people continue their progress.

Goodsprings, Nevada

A Contrast

A fern with her frail, fair foliage
Sprang up in a deep dark well;
And to gaze on her tender beauty
Few indeed were the eyes that fell.

The chink in the rocks for her rootlets
Was meager and mean and small;
But she grew to great splendor and beauty—
And the good God above saw it all.

A plant in a pot by a window
That was tended with gentle care
Lost all her lustre and beauty,
And the life in her foliage fair.

Many there were that watched her,
And did all that they could do;
But she crumbled down 'neath the hand of Death—
And the good God above saw this, too.

ALAN REIDPATH

TRUSTING AN INDIAN

BY ELLEN L. JAKEMAN

Work could not stop because there was an uprising among the Indians. People were compelled to put in crops, cultivate, irrigate and harvest, or starve. Anyhow, the Indians would not fight organized warfare, and no one could tell where the next seat of trouble would originate. They raided a ranch here, and stole a bunch of cattle there; shot down a man peacefully driving home his cows, or, when next heard from, had annexed a band of horses in another, and perhaps remote, place. Meeting them and having to fight seemed a matter of good or bad luck,—or, shall we say Providence?

It was in May, 1866, near one of our smaller settlements, that this episode occurred. We will call the actors in it Smith. The writer was not a witness, but received the narrative in detail from the lips of a pioneer.

In the autumn of 1865, the father of the family had gone to an adjacent canyon, and had cut and stacked a quantity of quakingasp poles,—piled them to season through the winter. Now, when Spring was quite well advanced, the poles were greatly needed. The father of the family was disabled with rheumatism. His two sons, John and Tom, aged respectively, sixteen and twelve, were eager to haul the poles, but the parents were reluctant to have the boys go. They were husky, well grown lads, and accustomed to such work, for they had often gone with their father. It was finally decided that they be allowed to go one trip, at least; for, while it was understood that the Indians were hostile, nothing had been heard of them in that vicinity for some time.

The Smiths owned one good horse team that would be used, but the boys were ambitious, and begged to be allowed to take an ox team that had been left in charge of Mr. Smith with permission to use them, if he chose. One of the oxen was extra strong, and both were large and in good condition. Baldy, the stronger one, was called vicious because he had too much sense to take kindly to slavery, and used an exceedingly loose and agile pair of hind legs to make himself undesirable. It was a common rumor that only once had Baldy ever missed his aim. That time he demolished a wagon wheel, but split his hoof in the *melee*, and he had thereafter an individual track. Be that as it may, a large hoof, propelled by a strong leg, with a correct appreciation of distance, added to human carelessness, had enabled old Baldy to perform some marvelous feats of kicking. The father was dubious about allowing the boys to try to haul with him; but they begged, promised to be careful, and finally started off one morning, at break of day, for Pole canyon, with both teams.

It was cloudy and raining a little when the boys started. As

they progressed, the rain increased, making the roads bad and adding to the general discomfort. Even the dogs walked under the wagons and had nothing to say for themselves, though fresh bear tracks were in evidence. Wrapping themselves in the old camp quilts which their mother had provided for them to sit on, the boys made the best time they could with the slow-moving oxen up the narrow canyon, which was the water course that supplied the town with water. They did not arrive at the mouth of Pole canyon until about noon, but pushed on, and found that the rain had been much heavier in the hills. The road, so called, was washed out so badly that they could not get within a quarter of a mile of the stacked poles. They fed their teams a little grain brought from home, ate their own luncheon, dividing with the dogs, then proceeded to snake those poles over the washout, and load them where the wagons had been stopped. Everybody worked but Baldy. And rather than argue with a gent who carried around a pair of feet so handy, the boys allowed him to take his exercise lying down and looking on, while the rest of them toiled.

It was a hard, muddy job, but the boys were young and energetic, delighting to meet difficulties half way and to conquer them; but it took time, and also to persuade Baldy that he had rested long enough. It was getting pretty late when the boys finally reached the main canyon again.

It had not really ceased to rain, and now it began to pour down, while darkness enveloped them. Baldy would have bolted for home, but the load was too heavy, so he deliberately dawdled, and the horses fretted, because they had to keep the slow pace of the oxen.

Finally, the boys decided that they could not reach home that night and might as well camp. Being familiar with the road, they chose a place on the south side of the creek, where a long, gradual slope reached back to some cliffs, an old land slide, but now a luscious meadow. All the animals were hungry, but the boys dared not turn the horses loose to graze, lest they find themselves afoot in the morning.

Without supper or bed, and unable to make a fire, the young pineoers spread one of the ragged quilts on the ground under a wagon, and, wrapping themselves in the other, snuggled closely together to wear the night out.

The oxen had been turned loose to graze. The boys could hear them cropping the grass quite contentedly, and, with the two dogs curled up at their feet, they drifted off to sleep. Later in the night, and they could not even guess the time for the darkness was intense, they were wakened by the dogs rushing out into the stygian blackness and barking furiously.

The boys listened and believed they heard the oxen running about. At first they whispered, "Bear," to each other, but as the oxen did not bawl, as is the habit of tame cattle when in danger from wild animals, they decided that it was only Baldy pranking; but the

dogs continued to bark and gave tongue from every point of the compass. Also the horses snorted and showed other signs of uneasiness.

The boys were not armed to fight bear, even had they been enabled to see. John had a six-shooter which he managed to keep dry, and there was the wood ax; but either or both were poor weapons with which to attack a bear. Their matches were all wet, or they would have built a fire as a protection, but knew they could not; so, leaving the oxen to take care of themselves with the help of the dogs, they lay still, listening to the strange sounds of the night.

From time to time, they were sure they could hear the oxen running about, but finally that sound died away, and the horses seemed to be dozing, as is the habit of horses just before daylight.

When John woke again, the first faint gray of dawn was beginning to light the eastern horizon. He crawled from under the wagon. The rain had ceased and everything was deathly still. The meadow was clear. There was no sign of the oxen and the dogs, who had not returned to their sleeping place, came silently out of the shadows and licked his hands.

As the light increased, his young, accustomed eyes soon discovered Baldy's tracks. He had certainly been running when he made them. Back and forth across the soft, spongy, grass-carpeted meadow, where footsteps had little sound, and only an occasional grassless spot revealed them. The tracks of the other ox accompanied those of Baldy for a time, and then at a convenient place branched off, he had run down the creek level, but even there Baldy's tracks were not alone!

The tracks of an unshod Indian pony were in evidence on every side. For the first time, the thought of Indian's crossed John's mind. He went swiftly and silently back to the wagon, woke his brother. They held a whispered conversation. John explained the situation to his younger brother, and directed him to take the strangely silent dogs and go to the foot of the cliff on the south of them, beyond the meadow. From that higher ground he would be able to see almost everything that happened, either at the wagons or at the creek-bed level; while, hidden among the rocks, he would be reasonably safe from observation. There was a place where an agile climber might scale those cliffs, and, from the other side, if on foot, could proceed to the town almost as directly as the crow flies, cutting more than half of the distance. John bade his brother secrete himself there, and observe what should take place while he, John, went to see if he could find the oxen by tracking Baldy. He most solemnly forbade his brother to show himself, or to come to the rescue, even if he saw him killed or in danger of being captured; but in the event he saw a skirmish, he was to scale the cliffs and make for home with the news.

John rushed the boy off to find a hiding place before the light

grew any brighter, the dogs going with him; then turned and began tracking Baldy's broken foot-print down to the creek level.

This mountain stream was turbulent at times, freshets swelling its volume till in places it had cut through small hillocks, leaving high banks on either side, which, when the torrent receded to normal, were many rods from the creek. It was not so much a willow-fringed tunnel, as a narrow flat, with clumps of small trees and brush growing about promiscuously.

"Fine place for them to ambush me," said John to himself, hitching his pistol belt around till the six-shooter was in front, keeping as good a lookout as he could, while he walked noiselessly.

There were abundant signs to tell John the story of the night. Baldy had taken plenty of exercise. His broken hoof was in evidence all over the flat. It was a story easily read by a frontier boy. The Indian had tried to drive the oxen up the canyon, but Baldy had seriously objected to going. He had evidently played his whole bag of tricks on the Indian, the main one being to circle round and round the clumps of brush, until he had worked his way down the canyon rather than up.

There was no doubt in John's mind that Baldy was making for home as fast as he could, with the Indian trying hard to drive him in an opposite direction. He surmised that the Indian would rather have the horses, and only tried to take the oxen when the darkness, the rain, and the dogs had convinced him that he could not safely get the tethered horses. It indicated also that the Indian was alone.

Proceeding with the utmost caution, John came to one of those bunches of brush Baldy had circled, and, following the tracks, found that it grew at the very brink of a high clay bank. There was no room for Baldy to go round, and the brush was too thick for him to go through, though the dense thicket showed where it had been assaulted. Also, the bank was caved in, showing where a heavy body had very recently tumbled into the creek bed below.

"So old Baldy went over," thought John, and started to go to the brink and look over, but just then he noticed Baldy's tracks going back around the brush patch, and could hardly restrain the shout of laughter that rose to his lips as he visualized what had happened.

The Indian had evidently ridden too close, and Baldy, finding himself hemmed in, and not liking the looks of the bank,—for many animals can see in the dark—had let fly at the Indian pony with both those terrible hind hoofs, toppling the Indian and his horse over the brink, and then had gone on his way down the canyon rejoicing.

The twinkle of a red feather, gently swaying just above the clay bank, brought John to a frozen standstill, with his heart beating wildly! There was but one answer,—the Indian! Creeping stealthily, step by step, he managed to get a better view of the feather. It was the head-decoration of a young Indian he had often seen in the settlements. He sat on his horse gazing down the canyon in the

direction in which Baldy had gone, seemingly oblivious of everything.

The horse stood with drooping head unable to climb the bank over which Baldy had kicked him. The Indian's saddle horn showed just above the bank. John crept to within a few feet of the Indian, shielded by the thick brush, and then just walked out and seized the horse's bridle rein where it lay loose on his neck, and said to the startled Indian in his own tongue: "Where are my oxen?"

The Indian, taken by surprise, answered in his own language with a phrase which means to a white man either: "I do not know," or "I do not understand," but may have some different definition to an Indian.

"Well, you've been chasing them around all night! You ought to know," but the Indian did not reply; only glanced at his fine new rifle which lay across the horse between himself and the horn of the saddle, its business end almost against the clay bank and utterly useless to him.

"You've been watching us all day, and I know it was the horses you wanted, but when you could not get them, you tried to run off my oxen! Now you are my prisoner. When you Indians take a prisoner, you take all he has, and kill him if he says, 'No.'" John looked his captive straight in the face, but the Indian gazed off into space with a bored, detached air, and made no reply.

"Your horse and that fine new rifle both belong to me by the Indian law; what do you think of that?" But the Indian never batted an eye, nor answered a word.

Holding the bridle reins in his left hand, keeping his right hand free to manipulate his six-shooter, if it should become necessary, John led the horse to where the grade of the bank would permit him to climb out, and in full view of Tom, who was hidden in the rocks at the foot of the cliff.

It would have been characteristic of the Indian to have tried to make his escape now, but the utter fatigue of the animal he rode gave him no advantage.

"Our big chief at Salt Lake sends us word not to kill Indians," said John, resuming his monologue, "but to make peace. Tells us we are all of one blood; all of one Father, the Great Spirit. What about that? Can we keep the peace if you Redmen keep on fighting and stealing our stock? I know you, Chief Red-feather! I have seen your squaw and papoose at my mother's house eating her good biscuits, and then you try all night to get my horses, and you run my oxen off. We have a talking paper that tells of your fathers, back too many moons for me to count. The Great Spirit owns us all for his children. He does not want us to fight." Then John launched into a discourse on the Book of Mormon, while the Indian sat a bronze image of seeming indifference.

"The Great Spirit has promised to do mighty things for the Indians after while. He is now telling our big chief at Salt Lake to help you and be friendly," but the Indian gave no sign that he

heard, and John, who had talked mostly in English, did not know whether the Indian understood or not, but believed that he did.

"Now I am going to set you free! You can go back to your squaw and baby and tell them that, after you had tried to steal my oxen, I gave you your life, and did not take your horse or your gun from you. Tell them when they come to town to come to my mother and she will give them more biscuits. I am coming back tomorrow for my other load of poles, and you are to keep away, and keep all other Indians away, and not bother me while I am trying to help my sick father. You hear me?"

John let go the bridle and stepped back, leaving the Indian free. He looked at John for a full minute, and probably finding the subject too big for him to attack, and being by nature taciturn, he touched the pony's flank with the toe of his moccasin, turned his head up the canyon and moved slowly away, ostentatiously keeping his hands aloof from the rifle. Just before he turned a corner of the little canyon, and thus passed out of sight, he looked back and said: "You keep h—ll of kickin' ox!"

This remark satisfied John that the Indian had understood in part at least the talk he had given him.

Of course, John had taken a great risk, for the Indian could have shot him with the long-range rifle, with perfect safety to himself, after he had ridden out of range of the six-shooter.

John went back to the wagons, signaled his brother to come in and after baiting the horses for an hour, they hitched up and drove home without further incident, the oxen having arrived before them.

When John told the story to his parents, they, being rather far-seeing and spiritual-minded, approved of what he did. The boys went back next day and brought in the other load of poles, making Baldy do his full share of the work. They went to and from the canyon, bringing out all the cut poles and wood when it was needed, and were not again molested.

Jesus Christ

O God the Father and the Son,
 Help us temptations to o'ercome;
 Look down in mercy on us here,
 Protect us with thy tender care;

While as mortals here we live,
 All our follies, Lord, forgive;
 Guide us in the path of right,
 Help to serve with all our might;
 Let us to Thy presence come,
 When our work on earth is done;
 With that feeling in our soul
 God is Master over all;
 And through his Mercy, Love, and Grace,
 Know that JESUS IS THE CHRIST.

GLEN FRANKLIN FOSTER, CUB REPORTER

BY ALFRED POWERS

Stepping on air because he had found a professional place in this lively Oregon city of twelve thousand people, Glen walked down Main Street until he came to the sign: *Evening Courier*.

The door of the office marked "Editor" was open, showing a small, half-bald man of about forty busy at a desk. While Glen paused unobserved in the doorway, he had a chance to take in the wall decorations, which consisted entirely of four placards: "Who, What, When, Where, Why, How." "Accuracy, Accuracy, Accuracy." "The facts!—the color—the facts!" "Get the news first, but first get it right."

He rapped his knuckles two or three times on the door-casing and, at a curt command from the editor, stepped in and stood before the desk. "I am Glen F. Foster of Junction Center," he explained. "You wrote me you would have a job for me as reporter the first of June."

"You'll get fifteen dollars a week. Report to Mr. Grimshaw, the city editor."

He went down the hall and entered an unkempt room with four typewriters on as many littered desks. Duplicates of the four placards adorned the walls. It was still ten minutes to eight and the only person in the office was an angular young man with long, tousled hair, which, that early in the morning, had lost all evidence of a part. He stopped his rapid hammering of a typewriter and silently inspected Glen, through horn-rimmed spectacles. Glen had never before found such an attitude of thrift toward speech. *The Courier* staff, in the matter of talk, placed the burden of proof on the other fellow. The young man said nothing, but waited expectantly and a little impatiently for Glen to state his business.

"I'm Glen Foster of Junction Center," he began.

"Yes, you're expected," interrupted the man at the typewriter. "Your desk is the one in the corner. Go out on the street and gather items for 'Caught in the Rounds.'" With these laconic directions he returned to his typing.

Glen hesitated a moment. There were many questions he wanted to ask. But he didn't ask them. He went over to the desk indicated as his, picked up the previous day's *Courier* that lay on the typewriter and went out.

"Caught in the Rounds" was a miscellany of local news, ranging in length from two lines to two inches. Each was printed with a black-faced head that occupied from a half to three-fourths of the first line. These items took up all the reading space on one page.

Where did one find such news in Grand Heights?

He went into the hotel and started out his first reportorial work by sitting in a comfortable lobby chair. But he was working just the same. Those placards back there meant that he was to know exactly what he was doing. If he got excited or panicky, he was a "goner."

He analyzed the items to determine the source. One told of a man dismissed from a hospital, one described the re-seeding of a burned-over area by a forest ranger, another gave the cost and size of a new rural school house. He made out a list: Hospitals, Hotels, County School Superintendent, Forestry Office, Chamber of Commerce, Stage Terminal, and so on until he had mapped out an itinerary of twenty different places.

On his way back to the newspaper office, after covering all these, he passed in front of Chandler's Hardware store just as two clerks were loading a great coil of rope into a wagon. There was so much of this and it was so heavy that the men had difficulty in lifting it over the end-gate. "That's all, Mr. Scott," announced one of the clerks, and the overalled and cotton-shirted driver, holding out his hand in signal to the cars behind, turned his horses from the curb out into the street, with a foot or so of the rope pendant behind.

Glen's way paralleled the course of the wagon for a couple of blocks. As he stopped to go into the *Courier* office, he saw a well dressed young man on a bicycle ride up behind the wagon, catch hold of the end of the rope and then slow up. Drawing out a line of about twenty feet, he proceeded for a block in a gay spirit of horse play, the farmer driving his team and the cyclist driving the wagon. He speeded up, threw the withdrawn cordage back into the wagon bed, put his hand on the end-gate and lifted himself for a glimpse of the farmer's merchandise. Then he turned his wheel into the curb, parked it and ran afoot after the wagon, into which he climbed as it rattled behind the slow-moving horses. As the vehicle turned the corner at the next block, Glen saw the young man climbing over the back seat into a place beside the farmer.

Two other reporters were at work when Glen entered. He went over to his typewriter, which was old and eccentric, and began pounding out his copy. When he was through with his regular stuff, it occurred to him that the purchase of so large a quantity of rope by the farmer was unusual and interesting enough to deserve mention. He wrote it up in about a hundred words and took his pages over to the city editor. Grimshaw, running through the sheets, made no comments until he came to the last item.

"Mister—Mister Scott," he cried out in disapproval. "The initials, man? This isn't the sticks. This is a daily paper. What are Scott's initials?"

"I didn't get them. I—"

"Well, go and get them. And work fast, man. The last stuff goes to press in half an hour."

In spite of his early-morning determination to be calm, he was flustered now. He was angry, too—bawled out like that before the other reporters, who, however, seemed to take no notice. Why did he go and stick that rope item in? The other stuff seemed to get by all right. That's the thanks one gets for giving full measure. Those accursed initials were gone with their owner, rattling along some country road to Twin Oaks, Cow Creek, Piney Ridge or some other rural center date-lined on the neighborhood page of the *Courier*.

The city editor knew the initials. Of course, he knew. But a reporter was supposed to get information from everybody in town except his editor.

He ran through the neighborhood page but found no Scott. His thought processes had been so muddled by his emotions that it was two or three minutes before he thought of the telephone directory. He found:

Scott S B r 382 Walnut.....	169-y
Scott Alex r R F D 1.....	41-F-11
Scott M H r R F D 4.....	13-F-15

S. B., who lived in town, was eliminated. Which of the other two was the cordage purchaser? He would call and find out. He had to wait a minute and a half while one of the reporters took data for a story. The moment the reporter was through he took possession of the telephone and called, "41-F-11, please."

"The line is out of order."

"13-F-15, please."

He waited a full minute while a distant ringing sounded in his ears.

"What number did you call, please?"

"13-F-15, please."

He waited another minute or what seemed like it. Central was patient and persistent.

"They do not answer."

The old man was a bachelor, that was it, and hadn't got home yet. Or his family was out visiting while he came to town and he would pick them up on the way. He was logically certain that M. H. Scott, R. F. D. 4, was the rope buyer.

He slipped a piece of paper in the machine and wrote: "A coil of rope that would reach from the south side of 9th Street to the north side of 10th Street was purchased today from the Chandler Hardware store by M. H. Scott, R. F. D. 4." He looked up and staring at him was the placard: "Accuracy, Accuracy, Accuracy."

What if it wasn't M. H. Scott? He believed it was but he wasn't dead sure. He got up and put on his hat. Why hadn't he thought of the hardware store before?

"Say, Joe," called the clerk of whom he made enquiry, "what are the initials of the Scott who bought all that rope a while ago?"

"I don't know; first time he ever traded here."

"Is he on the books?"

"No, he paid cash."

"Do you know which one of these he is?" asked Glen, getting the telephone directory and pointing out the two R. F. D. Scotts.

"Neither one of them. Little fellows, brothers. They trade here all the time."

"Do you know this Scott?" asked Glen as a last hope, pointing out the urban dweller.

"It isn't he," laughed the clerk. "He doesn't drive a Bain wagon and a team of plugs. He drives a Lincoln. He's president of the Commercial Bank."

Glen had only thirteen minutes left, but he hurried away to the Court House where he found the names of five more Scotts who lived in different parts of the country. The rope buyer was, no doubt, one of the five. But which one?

He hastened back to the *Courier* office and sat down at his desk with four minutes to spare. He was determined not to concede his failure until the last minute. He picked up the *Courier* and held it up less in perusal than as a shield to hide his reddening face, for he had detected two inquiring looks from the city editor. His eyes glanced down the classified advertising columns and lighted on "S. S. Scott, well-driller."

Eureka! Here was logic that could not fail. Who else could need so much rope? The placards could not shake his faith in this deduction. He had exactly two minutes. He inserted a half sheet and wrote as fast as he could. Then he waited till the stroke of the deadline. He wanted the city editor to think he had failed and then disappoint him. The other reporters had handed in their copy. "Time!" called Mr. Grimshaw addressing himself solely to Glen, who jerked the sheet from the machine and stepped to his desk.

"Here's the rope story," he said. Scott's initials are S. S. and he's a well-driller."

"Are you sure?" And Mr. Grimshaw's stern look through his horn-rimmed glasses weakened him more than the placards.

"I—I think so."

"Are you sure?" demanded Mr. Grimshaw.

"Mr. Grimshaw, let me explain."

"All I want to know is whether S. S. are Scott's initials and whether he's a well-driller."

"Yes," said Glen.

The city editor added the half sheet to the pile of copy on his desk. Then giving Glen another uncompromising look of judgment, he said: "That's all for today. Eight o'clock tomorrow. Better use your time getting acquainted with the town."

Glen went over to his desk and sat down, feeling limp and weak. What if his deduction was wrong? His first one had been. Wasn't there some way he could still verify it? Mr. Grimshaw had given the story to the linotype machines. It was not yet irrevocable but would be in a few minutes.

Even if he couldn't stop printing, there was the wait, the long wait, until he knew and others knew whether he was right or wrong. Verification, one way or the other, would prepare him for the worst or clear his conscience. It would mean a lightening of his suspense—it would mean a night's sleep.

As he sat there, his peace of mind gone, he remembered the cyclist. That young man would undoubtedly know the initials of the rope buyer. But who was the young man and how could he find him? Then he recalled that the men's furnishings clerk, two doors up, was out on the sidewalk at the time, watching and enjoying the comedy play.

He went to the store, found the clerk and asked: "Who was the young man on the bicycle this afternoon fooling with the farmer's rope?"

"Oh, that was Tom Hendricks. He's reporter for the *Morning Herald*. Bright—nothing gets by that fellow. Tomorrow morning he'll have a great story about that rope. Watch and see if he doesn't."

Seeking solace and reassurance, this was what he found. Thinking of his own pitiable story and the competition it would meet, he went back to the *Courier* office and to the desk of the city editor.

"Mr. Grimshaw," he asked, "can we—can we kill that rope story?"

"All locked up and on the press. Why, what's wrong? Scott's initials?"

He hesitated a moment under the focus of the horn-rimmed glasses. He had tried to explain once to Mr. Grimshaw and he wouldn't let him. He probably wouldn't let him now. He would explain but he wouldn't prematurely admit straight out that he was wrong until he knew he was wrong, and, after all, he had more than a fifty-fifty chance of being right.

"Did you get Scott's initials wrong?" repeated the city editor. "Yes or no?" he added uncompromisingly.

"No," declared Glen doggedly.

He sat down and waited for the first copies of the *Courier*. In a few minutes the city editor laid one on his desk. At the very last of the "Caught in the Rounds" he read:

S. S. Scott Buys Rope: A coil of rope that would reach from the south side of 9th Street to the north side of 10th Street was purchased today from a local hardware store by S. S. Scott, Grand county well-driver. There is a constant sale of short lengths of cordage for the old oaken bucket, for hay lifts, for swings, for clotheslines and for tying trunks; but the four-hundred-foot, unsevered strand bought by Mr. Scott is the record purchase for some time.

It did not escape Glen that the Scott initials were put con-

spicuously—and maliciously, he thought—in the blackfaced head. He had also written, "Chandler's Hardware Store," and here it was changed to, "a local hardware store."

Sincerely in quest of information, he took the item over to the city editor. "Mr. Grimshaw," he said, "may I ask about this change of the hardware store wording? Isn't 'Chandler's Hardware store' more definite and more—more accurate than 'a local hardware store?'"

"We're not in the sticks," declared Mr. Grimshaw. "If the hardware stores want advertising they can get it for forty cents an inch."

He ate an early dinner, but it did not entirely remove that feeling of weakness in the pit of his stomach. He got scarcely an hour's sleep all night long. His emotional vicissitudes made him cry quits forever on logic and newswriting, however inevitable it seemed. At half past five he was down in the lobby of the inexpensive hotel where he was staying until he got a boarding place. As soon as the drowsy night clerk laid down the morning paper he grabbed it up to see what kind of story the bright Tom Hendricks had written. All through four years in the Junction Center high school he had made "A's" in composition, and he hated to be scooped, as he expected to be, by the superior rhetoric and imagination of the *Herald* reporter in the matter of the rope.

But he couldn't find the story. There wasn't a single headline, large or small, that mentioned rope. After turning through the whole paper, he came back to the front page and renewed his examination with greater detail.

Then he turned suddenly cold, but not from the early morning chill in the lobby. Tom Hendricks hadn't bothered with rhetoric or imagination, but he had written something that waking Grand Heights and Grand county would read with flaming hopes. In the left-hand column, under a six-deck head, this is the story Glen saw:

"That an oil well has been discovered on the J. K. Holmes place at Piney Ridge, 12 miles south of Grand Heights, was made known by S. S. Scott, well-driller, who told of the petroleum seepage while in town yesterday to buy additional supplies.

"The Well, originally intended for water, had gone through 200 feet of practically dry strata when Holmes ordered the driller to abandon the hole and set up his machinery in another location. The driller, hitting a slight vein of water, persuaded Holmes to go 25 feet deeper. The water vein gave out, but, at a depth of 220 feet, the buckets brought slight oil indications, which, though still in greatly diluted form, have grown steadily thicker. The well is now 230 feet deep.

"Scott, who has only recently brought his drilling machinery into the county from Salem, is not excited about the discovery and was reluctant to discuss the finding of the oil at all in an interview with a *Herald* reporter yesterday afternoon. 'It's oil all right and it's getting thicker,' he said, 'but Mr. Holmes, who lost seven hundred dollars in an oil layout once, wants to know there's lots of oil and not just a dinky seepage before he makes any general announcements about it.'

"No expensive apparatus will be set up, according to Scott. The shaft will be deepened with the present, cheaply operated drilling machinery until the seepage becomes a flow or peters out.

"The well is located on a knoll a hundred yards west of the Holmes residence. He placed it there so as to pipe water by gravity into the house and barn. All of the butte of which this knoll is a part belongs to Holmes.

"There are six other buttes in the range known as Piney Ridge. These, individually or overlapping, are on the farms of J. L. Knox, George Sinclair, M. O. Forrester, Jesse Howe, Jim Applegate and B. B. Bristow."

Glen read it over a second time. It was not a sensational story, but sane, cautious, guarded, as honest as Farmer Holmes himself. But more important than the way it was written was the fact that it was written at all. He saw the rope first; he saw S. S. Scott first; his paper went to press first; but here was the story in the *Herald* and Tom Hendricks would come down town at noon to find himself a hero.

It little comforted him now that the initials had proved right. His slovenly work lay under a greater exposure. The attitude, the lack of enterprise, that had let him take a chance with the initials had lost him this big thing. New prosperity for a town, for a county, was ready for the telling, and he had talked about a coil of rope—swings—the old oaken bucket. Statesmanship was demanded. He had responded with tiddly winks.

He came into the *Courier* office exactly at eight, expecting to be fired and realizing that he deserved it.

Mr. Grimshaw, who this morning had little segments of a part in his hair, was at his desk. "Foster," he said, "handle 'Caught in the Rounds' again today. It's well to brighten up the items now and then with little features like the rope story. But don't let the tail wag the dog."

"Spencer," he directed another reporter, "get a Yellow Cab and go out to the J. K. Holmes place on Piney Ridge. Three columns by one o'clock."

Portland, Oregon

NOTES ON LINDBERGH

BY B. H. ROBERTS

Yes; being in New York City when Lindbergh arrived in the World's Metropolis, I ventured into the crowded throngs to get a glimpse of him, and I did; but it was only a glimpse. First, about three-quarter front view, changed instantly to profile; a moment later, the back head as he sat perched upon the folded top of the automobile in which he rode. Just a glimpse, but it confirmed all that has been said about the modesty and charm of the present World Hero. I was glad to see him, because it enabled me to compare the impressions of sight with the thoughts I have had of him and his achievements—achievements which confirm the old truth that "Peace hath her victory no less than that of War," and it is good to be able to celebrate achievements that make for greatness without the dreadful horror of National or World Wars.

Among the things that have challenged my wonderment in all this Lindbergh business has been the amount of splendid writing that it has produced in the daily press. It is astonishing what impetus

has been given to high-class newspaper writing in the current press about this young man. I give you one sample of prose poetry out of hundreds that might be reproduced from editorials in the daily press. This which I give you is from the *New York Sun* of May 21, and was later reproduced in that paper, June 13. It ought to live, and doubtless it will, as an immortal prose poem. It is written under the title, "LINDBERGH FLIES ALONE," which was a prominent headline in many papers giving an account of his adventurous flight:—

"Lindbergh Flies Alone"

Alone?

Is he alone at whose right side rides Courage, with Skill within the cockpit and Faith upon the left? Does solitude surround the brave when Adventure leads the way and Ambition reads the dials? Is there no company with him for whom the air is cleft by Daring and the darkness is made light by Emprise?

True, the fragile bodies of his fellows do not weight down his plane; true, the fretful minds of weaker men are lacking from his crowded cabin; but as his airship keeps her course he holds communion with those rarer spirits that inspire to intrepidity and by their sustaining potency give strength to arm, resource to mind, content to soul.

Alone? With what other companions would that man fly to whom the choice were given?

(Reprinted from *The Sun* of Saturday, May 21, 1927).

I noted in President Coolidge's speech welcoming Lindbergh home, one of the best things that has been done with reference to this Lindbergh episode—the characterization in outline of Lindbergh as found in the files of the Militia Bureau of the War Department. It describes him, long before the world heard of him, as follows:

"Intelligent,' 'industrious,' 'energetic,' 'dependable,' 'purposeful,' 'alert,' 'quick of reaction,' 'serious,' 'stable,' 'efficient,' 'frank,' 'modest,' 'congenial,' 'a man of good moral habits and regular in all his business transactions.' 'One of the officers expressed his belief that the young man would successfully complete everything he undertakes.'"

All this before he became so noted a flier and "a World Hero." It was because he was all this that he achieved that which now gives him place among the great; for Lindbergh henceforth will "belong to the ages," and a fine illustration of what comes from high character and noble, clean living. God bless him and his memory! There is no question that he will be a "fixed star" in the world's sphere of history.

About the same time that this "Lindbergh Flies Alone," and this passage from the speech of President Coolidge appeared, there was running in the current press of New York the following poem, *To Youth*, that I want to throw into the background as a shadow that will make sharper the outline of Lindbergh's achievements, produced by the high character of his youthful behavior. This poem addressed "To Youth" may well be considered as proceeding from the "Dark Spirit" of Personified Evil. It is by John V. A. Weaver, in *The Bookman*, and he ought to have the full credit of producing such a thing:

To Youth

(John V. A. Weaver in *The Bookman*)

"This I say to you. * * *
 * * * Be arrogant! Be true!
 True to April lust that sings
 Through your veins. These sharp springs
 Matter most * * * After years
 Will be time enough for sleep * * *
 Carefulness * * and tears! * *

"Now, while life is raw and new,
 Drink it clear, drink it deep!
 Let the moonlight's lunacy
 Tear away your cautions. Be
 Proud, and mad, and young, and free!
 Grasp a comet! Kick at stars
 Laughingly! Fight! Dare!
 Arms are soft, breasts are white.
 Magic's in the April night—

"Never fear, Age will catch you,
 Slow you down, e'er it dispatch you
 To your long and solemn quiet. * * *

"What will matter then the riot
 Of the lilacs in the wind?
 What will mean—then—the crush
 Of lips at hours when birds hush?

"Purple, green and flame will end
 In a calm, grey blend.

"Only * * * graven in your soul
 After all the rest is gone
 There will be the ecstasies * * *
 Those alone * * * "

Let us say to Youth that such advice as that produces no Lindberghs. Lindberghs come from virtues such as those recorded of the World Hero in the files of the Militia Bureau of the War Department. Let me repeat them and let them stand as a rejection and condemnation of that poem of evil by Weaver. Of Lindbergh's youth, this is the record:

" 'Intelligent,' 'industrious,' 'energetic,' 'dependable,' 'purposeful,' 'alert,' 'quick of reaction,' 'serious,' 'stable,' 'efficient,' 'frank,' 'modest,' 'congenial,' 'a man of good moral habits and regular in all his business transactions.' 'One of the officers expressed his belief that the young man would successfully complete everything he undertakes.' "

This contrast I commend to the Youth of my State and of my Church.

P. S.—What this young man is, and what he has done, and will do, will doubtless have a wonderful influence upon the lives of many, and I hope especially upon the youth of our land. Let me illustrate how this influence will probably work. In the editorial of *The New York World*, the morning following Lindbergh's reception, the paper published a few things heard here and there at different prominent points of the parade. Things that were said by the crowd about "Lindy." This was heard on the corner of Fulton and William Streets:

"Hey!"

"Hey yourself!"

"Feel like a little drink?"

"Sure."

"Come inside. Its poison, but it won't kill you."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute."

"What's the matter?"

"Lindy don't touch it, you know."

"Say, I forgot about that."

"Guess we better not."

"That's right. Guess we better not."

Thus does the influence of a good example shine in a wicked world.

New York.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

United States Missions

Diligence in Obedience. At the Arizona district conference, held on April 23 and 24, President Joseph W. McMurrin was in attendance. The theme of the conference was, "Diligence in obeying the laws of God." During the month of April ten missionaries laboring in this district placed, mostly sold, 317 copies of the Book of Mormon, a record worthy of emulation. We enjoy the *Era*, and in many instances the missionaries "say it with the *Era*."—*R. Claude Boyce*, president of the Arizona district.



MISSIONARIES OF THE ARIZONA DISTRICT

Front row, left to right: Lenora Jensen, Brigham City, Utah; Joseph W. McMurrin, president of the California mission; R. Claude Boyce, president of the Arizona district, Murray, Utah; Mary Wainwright, Springville, Utah. Standing: Raymond H. Stewart, Lehi, Utah; Karl M. Horne, mission office, Richfield, Utah; Verd A. Hanks, Bicknell, Utah; Melvin C. Cornwall, Murray, Utah; Geo. C. Lloyd, Salt Lake City; Vernal A. Smith, Lewiston, Utah.

West Colorado District Holds Record Conference. The best attended conference in recent years in the West Colorado district was held on April 10, 1927, with President John M. Knight and Elder Stephen L. Richards, of the Council of the Twelve, present. Two meetings of the conference

were held in Grand Junction, after which President Knight, Elder Stephen L. Richards, and Elders Remington, Sabin, Wood, and Lovell drove to Somerset, where they held the last meeting, which was attended by more than a hundred investigators. Impressive discourses were delivered by President Knight and Elder Richards at both cities. Through the efforts of the members at Somerset, an entire family were recently baptized there, the father taking the lead. The work of the Lord is progressing here; the Saints are lending their efforts to spread the gospel message.—C. A. Remington, president West Colorado district.



ELDERS OF WEST COLORADO DISTRICT

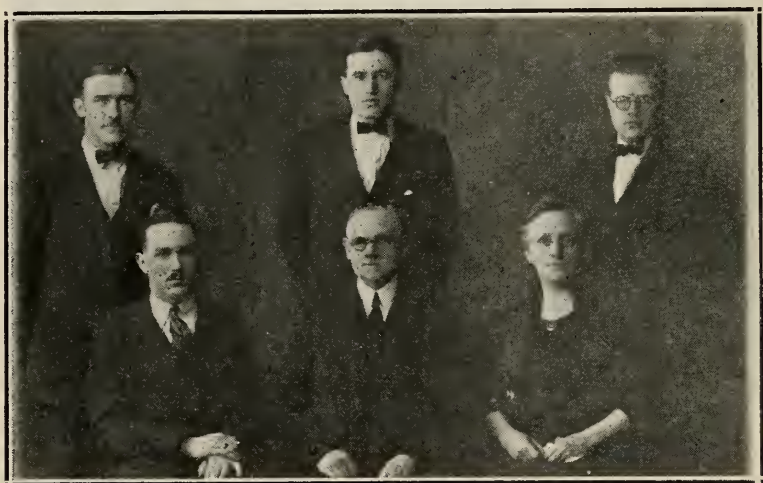
Sitting, left to right: Mission President John M. Knight; Elder Stephen L. Richards, of the Council of the Twelve; Merrill W. Wood; Charles A Remington, district president. Standing: Kenneth L. Burt, Joseph E. Lovell, E. Clyde Sabin, Hyrum O. Hansen, Melvin L. Madsen. *

Great Britain

London Holds Conference. In the London district, British mission, Easter was fittingly observed by well planned and inspirational meetings, which characterized their conference, held at "Deseret," on Sunday, April 17, with President and Sister Talmage of the European missions in attendance. The hall decorations lent atmosphere to the theme of the day, "The Resurrection." A feature of the Sunday school was the presentation of a pageant, entitled "The Supreme Gift," with costumes incident to the Lord's time. President Talmage delivered two impressive discourses, "He is risen, as he said," and "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?" A report of missionary activities

for the last six months showed gratifying advancement. The district periodical, *The Live Wire*, has done much to develop the yearly slogan, "For Results—See London." Among the musical selections rendered were two solos by Mr. Andrew Butchart, a popular London tenor. Announcement of the conference appeared in *The Times*, and reporters of other prominent newspapers were present during the Sunday services. An unusually good account of the conference appeared in the *Daily Express*.—Harold A. Candland, president London district.

Conference in Ireland. Missionaries and Saints of the northern counties of Ireland attended the semi-annual conference of the Ulster district, in Minor Hall, Belfast, on Sunday, May 1. The conference was advertised by hand bills, placards and newspapers, and a large representation of sincere investigators and interested visitors were also present. President and Sister James E. Talmage were in attendance from mission headquarters. The traveling elders have been taken from the Free State district and local brethren are in charge there. We enjoy reading the interesting and helpful contents of the *Improvement Era*, and send greetings to its readers in Zion and in the various missions.—Kendall D. Garff, president Ulster district, Ireland.



ELDERS OF THE ULSTER DISTRICT, IRELAND

Front row, left to right: Kendall D. Garff, district president, Salt Lake City; Mission President James E. Talmage, Sister May Booth Talmage. Back row: Seth P. Leishman, district clerk, Wellsville, Utah; Elmer D. White, Beaver, Utah; Boyd W. Madsen, Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

In the Island Missions

Conference at Victoria, Australia. The annual conference at this place, April 10, 1927, was very successful, because of the power of the Spirit and the good feeling of fellowship that prevailed. At the first meeting the Sunday school gave special items, and all the elders were given an opportunity to speak. The evening meeting, at which President Charles H. Hyde spoke on "Priesthood," was our main treat. It refreshed and strengthened us for our coming labors.—H. Garrett Barlow, district president.

Editors' Table

Review of the June Conference

Enthusiasm, pleasant association, a large attendance, and a general good time characterized the annual June conference of the young people of the Church this year. To these was added an excellent program of religious, musical, literary, oratorical, social and recreational activities and contests, which sharpened the edge of action, and should therefore end in practical, pleasant and laudable results.

The meetings were well attended by officers from all the stakes of the Church, and the speakers gave full value to the eager listeners, anxious to learn how more fully to carry on their work. Young people and officers were present from Oregon, California, Arizona, Nevada, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho and Utah, the delegates who registered numbering over two thousand. Many failed to register.

From the hour of registration, on Saturday morning, until the close of the final, inspiring meeting, on Sunday night, a constant round of meetings, instruction, play and worship was the order. All appeared to enjoy themselves.

The opening meeting in the Assembly Hall, packed to overflowing, set the pace. The theme was "Spiritualizing Life's Work." Superintendent George Albert Smith and President Martha H. Tingey gave the opening addresses. The former presented the slogan for 1927-28:

"We stand for a fuller knowledge of the Book of Mormon, and a testimony of its divine origin."

Dean L. John Nuttal, of the Brigham Young University, spoke on "Spiritualizing Vocations." He lauded work, and quoted the saying, "A detour around work is not the end of education." He said, among many other excellent statements, "As long as there is a boy or girl unoccupied, there is great opportunity for M. I. A. workers to teach worthy things."

"Spiritualizing Life's Work" in Political, Civic and Social Relationships," was the subject of a very impressive speech by Congressman Don B. Colton, of Utah. He was followed by Dr. Adam S. Bennion, on "Spiritualizing Life's Work in Religious Institutions and Activities." He asked that all should read Romans 8:1-13.

The music and singing were especially pleasing: a male quartet from Hyrum stake, William Hoskins conducting; a contralto solo by Claire Thomas; a ladies' chorus from the Second ward, Liberty stake, Rosalie Madsen, conductor; and a rendition of Eulene by the Dixie orchestra.

The afternoon meeting, 2 to 4, had for its theme, "Spiritualizing Leisure Time." At this meeting President Heber J. Grant and members of the Council of the Twelve favored the audience with

their presence. The speakers were Executive Director Oscar A. Kirkham, on "Leadership;" Lucy W. Smith, "Projects for the Individual and the Group;" and Elder Melvin J. Ballard, on "Problems that Challenge Our Leisure Time and our Great Objectives." Elder Ballard asked the audience to repeat the new slogan, which they did with zest and spirit. His enthusiastic speech had an electrical effect upon the great audience of officers. James E. West, National Chief Scout Executive, New York, being asked to speak, expressed his deep appreciation of the M. I. A. scout organization. An instrumental trio by Ellen Nielsen, Alice Anderson, Beth Walton Nelson; baritone solo, "Hear me, ye winds and waves," by Harold H. Bennett; and a soprano solo, "Solvejg's song," by Margaret Anderson, and an M. I. A. closing song, by a chorus, were on the excellent musical repertoire of this meeting.

From 4:30 to 11 p. m., the time was spent at Saltair, the officers and directors of the Primary Association participating with the M. I. A. More than six thousand people took advantage of the opportunity to see the lake and to witness the finals of the dance contest, "The Lancers," a most beautiful sight, in which eight divisions of eight people each took part. Luncheon followed; then a program of entertaining features, a demonstration of the 1928 contest dance, and general dancing. In physical appearance, cleanliness of habit, dress, language and deportment, this group of young people could not be excelled in all the land. It was a delight to mingle with them.

On Saturday morning, the Y. M. M. I. A. had a general meeting in the Tabernacle. There were three speeches, "Temples of God," B. S. Hinckley; "Chivalry," John F. Bowman; and "A Man Among Men," by Richard R. Lyman. These will be reproduced in the *Era* for August, with other matter pertaining to the M. I. A. conference.

At the close of this meeting, through the courtesy of station KSL, the audience was privileged to hear President Calvin Coolidge in his speech of welcome to Captain Charles Lindbergh, and Lindbergh's short and modest response, also the tumult and the shouting incident to his arrival in Washington from Europe at that moment and hour. It was a wonderful privilege to receive these immediate and direct communications, marking a new epoch in the history of the world in aeronautics. Following this a celebrated chorus of Swedish singers appeared, on their way west, and treated the congregation to two numbers. They sang the "Star Spangled Banner," with wonderful power, which elicited rounds of applause. It was a real musical treat.

From 10:30 to 12, an M Men's convention was held in the Tabernacle, touching problems in this division of our work. The speakers were Thomas Hull, Oscar A. Kirkham, Serge M. Benson (a Logan M Man), and Colon Lauder (an Ogden M Man).

At 12 o'clock, a luncheon was tendered the superintendents at the Hotel Utah. On this occasion, finances were discussed and the methods of furthering the circulation of the *Improvement Era*, organ of the Y. M. M. I. A. It was announced by Elder Melvin J. Ballard, manager that, beginning with the November issue, volume 31, the

magazine will be enlarged, have a new cover, new and larger type, and in several other respects be greatly improved, with no increase in cost to subscribers.

The afternoon was spent in important department meetings. Here the real business of the organizations was carried on. The departments included executive officers, organization and membership, recreation, standards, Advanced senior, finance and publication, Junior and Senior departments. At the same time, division tryouts from the eight divisions of the Church were also held, in Public Speaking, M Men's Quartet, Male Chorus, Drama, Band and Orchestra, Gleaner Girls' Public Speaking, Ladies' Chorus. In the evening grand concert the finals in contests were held in the Tabernacle with thousands in attendance. With the ward tryouts, stake tryouts, district tryouts, and eight division tryouts throughout the Church, then the final division tryouts here in Salt Lake City, eliminating all except two in each contest, one may surmise the importance and interest centering in these finals. It is estimated that at least sixteen thousand young people took part in the preparation of these exercises.

On Sunday morning, a spirited testimony meeting was held for M. I. A. officers in the Assembly Hall, which was again crowded to capacity. So many were anxious to speak, that hundreds were unable to obtain the floor. The testimonies were inspiring and faith-promoting, and dwelt upon the happiness and joy that come to those who labor in the cause of the young people of Zion, faith in the restoration of the gospel through the Prophet Joseph Smith, and in the inspired contents of the Book of Mormon. The testimonies of Superintendents George Albert Smith, Melvin J. Ballard and Richard R. Lyman were especially to the point and inspiring.

The largest meeting was held Sunday morning at 10:30 to 12, in a general gathering in the great Tabernacle. The theme was, "The Contribution of the M. I. A. and the Primary Association in Building Latter-day Saints." The theme was presented in story, song and action. Thousands of young people took part, thrilling the audience with their excellent presentation.

At 2 o'clock on Sunday, a general meeting was held at which President Heber J. Grant presided. The Tabernacle choir furnished the music, under the direction of B. Cecil Gates.

A eulogy of President Brigham Young was delivered by Elder Junius F. Wells.

President Anthony W. Ivins gave a thoughtful address on "Man's Relationship to God." He was followed by President Charles W. Nibley, who alluded to marriage, and gave important counsel on this vital subject. President Heber J. Grant uttered excellent counsel and advice to the young people. His remarks on good manners and courtesy in public assemblies should be remembered by every organization throughout the Church. He advised the young people to read the commandments of Alma to his sons, Helaman, Shiblon and Corianton, and urged them to remember to do the thing that the Lord requires.

At the evening service, at 7 o'clock, the music was furnished by the Tabernacle choir, under the direction of B. Cecil Gates. Superintendent George Albert Smith and President Martha H. Tingey presided. As an introduction to the dramatization of Book of Mormon themes, the choir sang, "O ye mountains high," and "Gospel restoration." The slogan was presented by Elder Richard R. Lyman and repeated by the congregation. The dramatization of Book of Mormon scenes: (a) records, (b) Abinadi before King Noah, (c) Moroni's farewell, and the finale, was one of the most striking presentations of three important Book of Mormon stories ever presented. The large audience was thrilled by it. As a part of the finale to the dramatization, "An angel from on high," was sung.

This was followed by a learned discourse by Elder Orson F. Whitney, of the Council of the Twelve, on "Latter-day Saint Ideals and Institutions."

The Superintendency and Presidency of the M. I. A. are to be congratulated upon the splendid programs prepared. Elder Oscar A. Kirkham, Executive Director; W. O. Robinson, field secretary, and their associates of the General Boards, in carrying out the program, are entitled to commendation for their efforts in making the conference a big success. The dramatization of the Book of Mormon scenes is particularly due to the labors of W. O. Robinson.

Judging from the enthusiasm, attendance, and spirit of the conference, there need be no fear as to lack of earnestness, faith, testimony, determination and spirit of righteousness, among the youth of Zion.—A.

Books

In the Temples of the Great Outdoors, by Theodore E. Curtis; forty-six pages; price, 50c. On the reading course list.

The Contents of this poem consist of a description of a Boy Scout outing in one of the canyons near Salt Lake City. Three days were spent in the camp, and what the boys did and saw are pictured in the poem, in the delightful description of which the author seems so adept. Here and there in the poem are passages that are delightfully beautiful. His "Apostrophe to the Night" is one of these; "In a Little Snug Nook" is another. The book has four beautiful photographic illustrations of mountain scenes and lakes, and hundreds of beautiful descriptions in words. A poem that should be read in every Fathers and Sons' Outing. The book is on the reading course list. It closes with these words:

"May such occasions be increased
To sire and son. To say the least,
That was a hike most any scout
Would like to pause and read about."

Fathers and Sons' Annual Outing—Summer of 1927, an interesting, appropriately illustrated booklet of twenty-four pages has just been published by the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A. The purpose of the publication is to give both information and inspiration to fathers and sons throughout the Church for their big outing this summer. Many valuable suggestions are also given in the matter of preparation, supervision, and outdoor program suitable to the occasion. A copy of the booklet will be sent free to all officers who ask for it. Send your request to General Office of Y. M. M. I. A., Room 406 Church Office Building, Salt Lake City.

Priesthood Quorums

"Thorough Lesson Preparation and Interesting Presentation:"—Topic presented by Bishop Paul C. Child of Poplar Grove ward, Pioneer stake, at Bishops' Meeting, April 5, 1927, during General Conference.

Material presented in the text must be fully in the teacher's possession; and, moreover, the teacher must go into other fields to secure reinforcing material. A definite objective decided upon, the teacher must then plan his methods of attack. The capacity of the class, individually and as a whole, must be measured, and as the teacher sees the ebbing of attention he must systematically release such thoughts as will cause the minds of the listeners to return to the discussion. He may present the subject in a new or greater light, thus demanding the renewed consideration of the class. Nor can the teacher always use the same methods of attack. Much depends upon the nature of the subject. There are many factors in education which may be utilized by the teacher in his lesson presentation.

One of the greatest of these factors, I think, is the question,—particularly the challenging question. Every lesson must in some way challenge the individual to secure his attention. Blessed indeed is the gospel teacher who has acquired the art of formulating questions adapted to the experience of his pupils, which will cause them to reflect and to give expression to well rounded answers. Several such questions rightly put and properly discussed provide a most excellent method of presentation.

As illustrative of other methods, may I mention some experiences in handling the priests' quorum lessons.

Lesson No. 5, in the present manual No. 3, "How to Conduct a Meeting:" We could think of no better way of impressing this lesson upon our Priests than to allow them to conduct a Sacramental meeting. An entire evening was given to them. Assignments were made for presiding officers; priests were assigned for prayers and for administering the Sacrament; five speakers were appointed; one was appointed to give the Sacramental thought and four to deliver discourses. Ushers and other officers were then appointed, and much care was taken to assign such topics to the speakers as would require a re-study of several of the lessons in the manual used during 1925. Each member, of necessity, not only read, but studied, lesson 5, to make sure that he was doing the right thing. With one or two exceptions, the result was all that could be desired.

As another example, lesson 6, "The Cultivation of Faith." Here this proposition was placed before the class: If there should be discovered a key-stone whereby the writings on ancient American ruins could be translated, and such translations absolutely verified the truth of the Book of Mormon, would it be a good thing for the people generally? The challenge before them, the class was divided. A lively discussion followed, during which one member who had steadfastly refused to answer questions in class for two years so far forgot himself that he gave expression to his conviction. At the proper time, the class was led to consider the element of faith and its value. The objective of the lesson was thus obtained.

In another class it was desired to show that only a fit person,—one possessing a clean tabernacle,—can have the Holy Ghost with him. The Sunday School organist was a member of that class. The teacher, in introducing the lesson, called attention to the wonderful music produced on the chapel organ and called upon the organist to produce the same music on an old organ in the class-room. It was impossible because of the condition of the organ. The comparisons were then drawn: God is the Master, even as the organist, but can produce no good results on the individual if that individual is unfit, as the organist can produce no good music

if the organ is unfit. A demonstration of this kind would also be very effective in putting over lesson 10 in the priests' manual—"The Word of Wisdom."

So I might multiply methods of presentation.

People think what they are stimulated to think. Therefore, may I state that in lesson presentation an effort should always be made to correlate one lesson with another. Consistently to review, bringing up old truths in new lights, and also consistently to preview, causing the class to look forward with interest to the presentation of future lessons. By so doing the class is stimulated to consider repeatedly the lessons which have been presented. Inasmuch as knowledge is acquired by linking up facts, already in one's possession, with new ideas, the review and preview form an important part of lesson presentation.

Field Notes

Spanish Fork Second Ward, Palmyra Stake. The social activities of the deacons for the season were begun by a deacons' social held on April 27, 1927, at Spanish Fork, at which Elder H. Eugene Hughes, second counselor in the bishopric, was master of ceremonies. Practically the entire program was rendered by officers and members of the three quorums of deacons.

On the morning of June 3, a sightseeing trip was undertaken to Salt Lake City. Twenty-six of the deacons, out of a possible thirty-nine, were in attendance at this outing. They were conducted by the supervisors of the Aaronic Priesthood. Their sightseeing consisted of a visit to the Presiding Bishop's Office and some explanation of the work done in that office. A visit to the Church Office Building, attendance at the noon Tabernacle organ recital, a visit around temple grounds, the grave of Brigham Young, St. Mary's cathedral, state penitentiary, the University of Utah and museum, the state capitol, the printing plant of the *Deseret News*, a swim in the Deseret Gymnasium pool, and a visit to Liberty Park, where songs and stories were heard and a banana and peanut "bust" was enjoyed.

The next outing of the boys, as planned, is to attend the Mantih temple and have baptisms performed for the dead. The boys are already looking forward to this important event.

Participation in all of these activities is subject to certain conditions being fulfilled in the way of duties, attendance at meetings, etc., by the young men. In connection with the activities of the deacons' quorums, each quorum of deacons in this ward has been assigned to look after a certain number of widows and sick people. The boys accept responsibility for these assignments and take care of the cleaning of paths in snowy weather and supplying them with wood.

The average attendance of deacons at weekly priesthood meetings is at least thirty out of a total of thirty-nine.

Aaronic Priesthood Work in German-Austrian mission. President H. W. Valentine of the German-Austrian mission, former bishop of the Brigham City Third ward, Box Elder stake, writes to the Presiding Bishopric relative to Aaronic Priesthood outlines forwarded to him as follows:

"I thank you very much for forwarding us the current outlines for the Aaronic Priesthood and we shall make use of them. I am also happy to see the graphic outline of responsibility for Aaronic Priesthood, and realize that the impressions which thrilled me as a bishop in the home ward are fully justified by the outline. Upon the bishops and counselors indeed rest the responsibilities for looking after the Aaronic Priesthood.

"It is singular that this material should come at a time when it is more needed than ever before. For we had just held a week's convention with President Hugh J. Cannon of the Swiss-German mission, to counsel together concerning the matters of mutual concern to our missions and I had accepted the responsibility of supervising the priesthood department for

both missions. I am, therefore, especially pleased with this material and its illustration as well as copies of the outlines for the year.

"I feel that the great burden of our work at present is one of stabilizing and making permanent. We have a great membership and of various ages and temperaments, and it is becoming necessary for us to do some careful work for our members as well as for the spread of the gospel to those whom we are especially seeking."

Kolob Stake Attendance Contest. A banquet was served at the expense of the members of the Melchizedek Priesthood, to five hundred members of the priesthood in the Springville high school auditorium, on the evening of May 23. The occasion was the result of an attendance contest at weekly priesthood meetings during the month of April, and was won by the latter. An interesting program was also rendered.

Priesthood Convention, Teton Stake. Under the direction of Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of Twelve, Priesthood convention, in connection with stake conference, was held in Teton stake at Driggs, Idaho, Saturday, April 29, 1927.

A special feature of the convention was a challenge by the lesser priesthood, made on the higher priesthood for attendance at the convention. The contest had a good effect as there were within eight as many members of the priesthood present Saturday afternoon as has been known for total attendance at any previous Saturday meeting of stake conference in this stake. The sisters met separately during the convention.

Thirty per cent of all the priesthood of the stake were in attendance. Jackson Hole branches are included in this stake and the nearest one of these branches lies about thirty miles from stake headquarters. To reach Driggs from there one has to ascend the famous Teton Pass, rising in elevation to eight thousand four hundred feet and at this time of year there is about twelve feet of snow and ice on the pass, which makes traveling very difficult.



Top: Aaronic Priesthood Group.—First row standing—center—left to right: Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of the Twelve; President Albert Choules; Ralph R. Cordon, 1st counselor; Alma Hanson, 2nd counselor.

Bottom: Melchizedek Priesthood Group—Winners.

First row standing—center—left to right: Alma Hanson, 1st counselor; Ralph R. Cordon, 2nd counselor; Albert Choules, president, Teton stake; Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of the Twelve.

Mutual Work

Inter-Stake Contest, Montpelier

What was termed the biggest event in the history of Montpelier, Idaho, was the M. I. A. inter-stake contest meet held there on May 21, 1927, in which six stakes took part. The town was appropriately decorated for the occasion, and was crowded to capacity with enthusiastic attendants. The fine demonstration of the Mutual workers elicited admiration and praise on every hand, and an excellent review of the affair appeared in the local press. Six stakes participated in the contest, covering a wide range of activities. Stakes winning first places were: Montpelier, in Drama, Young Men's Public Speaking and Male Chorus; Idaho, the Lancers (dance) which brought a real thrill of admiration; Portneuf, Ladies' Three-part Chorus, Young Ladies' Public Speaking and Girls' Chorus; Star Valley, Mixed Double Quartet, Beauty Contest, and Baritone Solo; Bear Lake, M Men's Quartet; Bannock, Harmonica Solo. The divisional contest was held at Preston, June 1, at which these winning stakes competed for the privilege of participating in the grand finals at Salt Lake City, June 10 and 11.

Boy Scouts in Utah

The council efficiency standing for April, 1927, Region Twelve, B. S. A., shows six councils in Utah, four of them in the 100-point councils, one in the 90-point council and one in the 60-point council:

	Total Points To Date	Membership	Troops
Cache Valley	400	1422	63
Salt Lake	380	2691	131
Timpanogos	380	2320	123
Zion National Park	340	482	29
Ogden Gateway	350	1691	81
Bryce Canyon	220	758	20
Totals in Utah		9364	447

The M. I. A. Slogan 1927-28

Seasonable, appropriate, timely, and implying work and faith, is the M. I. A. slogan for 1927-28:

"WE STAND FOR A FULLER KNOWLEDGE OF THE BOOK OF MORMON,
AND A TESTIMONY OF ITS DIVINE ORIGIN."

The Standards Committee in each association throughout the Church and in each stake of Zion should immediately set to work to place the slogan in its full meaning before the young people. The implied work lies in reading the Book of Mormon, also standard archaeological works, to which every member of the association should direct his ambition. The faith that will bring a testimony of its divine origin may be obtained by following the admonition of Moroni: "And when ye shall receive these things I would exhort you that you would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you by the power of the Holy Ghost."

The City of the Sacred Well, is a very desirable and interesting book

on Maya history and archaeological discoveries. See the list of reading course books.

The Reading Course 1927-28

The following list of books are recommended by the General Boards of the M. I. A. from which to select books:

READING COURSE

The Book of Mormon, a history of God's dealings with the ancient inhabitants of America.

Other Religious Works

Saturday Night Thoughts, Orson F. Whitney; Deseret Book Company; \$1.25.

Exiles, Alfred Osmond, historical poetry, the Pioneers; Deseret Book Company; \$1.50.

General Reading

The Mansion, Van Dyke, a moral story; Harpers; 75c.

Two Years Before the Mast, Dana; McMillan; \$1.25.

The Peace of Solomon Valley, McCarter, McClurg; \$1.

Novels

A Certain Rich Man, James Allen White; \$1.25.

The Beauty of the Purple, William Stearns Davis, romances of Imperial Constantinople. A. D. 715; McMillan; \$2.50.

Marching On, James Boyd, a novel of the Civil War; Scribners; \$2.50.

Junior Books

Zac Peters, Hagedorn, a boy's ten dreams of the Constitution; J. C. Winston Company; \$1.00.

The Trail of the Sandhill Stag, Seton; Scribners; \$1.

In the Temple of the Great Outdoors, Curtis, scouting; Deseret Book Company; 50c.

Historical and Biographical

The City of the Sacred Well, T. A. Willard, Maya history, archaeological discoveries. \$4.

George Washington, a biography by Woodrow Wilson; Harper; \$3.

Prices on all books subject to change.

It is required that the Standards Committee of each stake and association shall aid the association officers in selecting such a number and kind of books from this list as will be most suitable and adaptable to the stake or association in which they are laboring, and that they will then obtain the books selected for the use of the association; also encourage as many as possible of the members to purchase such books as will be the most adaptable to them individually.

During January, 1928, when all the officers are expected to aid the Standards Committee in boosting their activities, every member should be asked to read one book at least and report the same to the officers of the association. During that month short reviews in the association should be given by some competent person of the contents of at least three or four of the books to create an interest in them.

We expect every member of the associations will read the Book of Mormon during the year,—the year in which we celebrate the 100th anniversary of the delivery of the plates to the Prophet Joseph Smith. It will remain on the Efficiency Report as during last year.

Miama, St. Joseph Stake

James A. Duke, president Miami ward Y. M. M. I. A., reports a Fathers and Sons' outing, which was decided upon at a meeting and banquet of the Apache Council of Boy Scouts of America. The Scouts took kindly

to the idea and gave the M. I. A. a place on their program for the National Boy Scout week in May. Camp Goodwill was designated as the place, and the day was May 7. The camp is a beautiful community home built by the citizens in the Pinal mountains, about twelve miles from Miami, and contributed to by the Board of Supervisors of the county. There was a fine spirit of cooperation, tending to show that we would have a large company present, but on Saturday morning, the day of the outing, it began to rain and hail, and continued bad weather until about 3 o'clock, in spite of which there were one hundred people on the grounds. It stopped storming about 3 o'clock, and the boys and their fathers got busy and cooked supper on camp fires, after which a boys' jamboree was conducted by the boys themselves, which was very enjoyable to all participating. The games planned for the afternoon were all dispensed with, except a very interesting game of horseshoe, which the boys insisted on playing in the rain. Thirty-five boys and fifteen adults were present from our ward; the others being friends, not members of our Church. The company stayed over night and cooked two meals over the camp fire. In spite of the weather, it was a very successful time and kindled a feeling that we shall have a better and bigger outing next year. Yours for better comradeship, *James A. Duke*, president Miami Y. M. M. I. A.

Monthly Joint Sunday Evening Programs

JULY, 1927—PATRIOTS AND PIONEERS

1. Patriotic music (appropriate for the Sabbath).
2. Pioneer hymns.
3. Stories of early patriots—Washington, Paul Révere, Nathan Hale, or others.
4. Stories of the "Mormon" pioneers.
5. Stories of local pioneers. (For younger members of the association).
6. Address on "Patriotism" (by an M Man); or, "The Pioneers" (by a Gleaner Girl).

Other suggestions:

An address by an Advanced Senior on the Twelfth Article of Faith, embodying the thought in the June conference topic—"Spiritualizing Life's Work" in relation to political, or civil affairs.

If desired, separate programs may be worked out dealing with patriotic topics or pioneer history.

AUGUST, 1927—FATHERS AND SONS' OUTINGS; MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS' DAYS

Appropriate music, such as "Our mountain home so dear." "The world is full of beauty," "God is love," "Trees" (words by Joyce Kilmer, music by Oscar Rasbach).

1. "What Fathers and Sons' Outings have Meant to me," by a father and a son who have participated in such events. See Y. M. M. I. A. booklet, 1927, for suggestions. Free for the asking.

2. "What Mothers and Daughters' Days have Meant to me," by a mother and a daughter who have participated in such events.

3. "The Great Out-of-Doors," by a member of the Advanced Senior Department, or other person interested in Nature.

Nature poems and quotations; such as, "The Daffodils," by Wordsworth; or, "The Groves were God's First Temples," by Bryant.

(See *Young Woman's Journal*, July, 1926, for many quotations).

SEPTEMBER, 1927—THE BOOK OF MORMON

Appropriate hymns and music, *L. D. S. Hymns*, the new volume.

1. What is the Book of Mormon?
2. How did it originate?
3. What is the given purpose of the Book?

4. What is its contents, language and literary value?
5. Name some of the spiritual truths contained in it?
6. Show how it has added spiritual life to the people of our day.

These points may be answered in one speech of thirty minutes, or two of fifteen minutes each, or six of five minutes each. For reference see Radio speech, *Deseret News*, Saturday, June 11; Reynold's *Dictionary of the Book of Mormon*; Robert's *New Witnesses for God*, vol 2, "Internal and External Evidences."

Assignment should be made to competent members of the association who will prepare by faith and study.

New Superintendents

E. J. Milne, 633 West 40th Place, Los Angeles, California; vice, J. David Larsen, released May, 1927.

Chauncey Snow, Jr., Calif. Bldg., Los Angeles, California, superintendent Y. M. M. I. A., Hollywood stake, organized at the conference held on Saturday, Sunday, May 21 and 22.

Boise Stake M. I. A. Day

The beginning, or source, of Stake M. I. A. Day, when stake contest work reaches its climax, was the wisdom of the General Board, to whom we are grateful for their many helpful suggestions. The real work, however, that of preparation, is over before the day begins. May 7, the day observed by the Boise stake for this big event, was rather cold, but enthusiasm ran high and events in rapid succession were carried out. In the Boise stake, each year, points are given for participation in any event or in department work. For example: 100 points are given if the fund in full is turned in before May Day; 75 points to each ward entering Drama or Dancing; 100 points for 100% attendance during a certain month, and nothing scoring for less than 87%, etc. - And the stake board presents a silver loving cup to the ward securing the largest number of points. The silver loving cup this year was awarded to the Weiser ward, with 555 points. The ward having the next highest number of points was Boise Second, with 475. During the season 1926-27 more wards have taken an interest in contest work than ever before, and more people in each ward have participated in the endeavor to put their ward foremost in the stake. After the eliminations in the various tryouts, one hundred contestants took part at Boise, in the different events, which shows the great extent to which the work is reaching. The Boise stake comprises wards from Glenn's Ferry, on the east, to Weiser, on the west, an expanse of 160 miles, and every ward had its eight members present to contest in the Lancers, as well as contestants in the other events.

Y. M. M. I. A. Fall Conventions

PROGRAMS

Dates of Auxiliary Group two-day Conventions—1927:

July 9-10—Cassia, Yellowstone.

July 16-17—Curlew, Lost River, Malad.

Aug. 6-7—Alberta.

Aug. 13-14—Emery, Lethbridge, Teton, Twin Falls.

Aug. 20-21—Bannock, Blaine, Taylor, Wayne.

Aug. 27-28—Big Horn, Beaver, Idaho, Idaho Falls, Oneida.

Sept. 3-4—Bear River, Kanab, Pocatello, Portneuf, Rigby, South Sanpete.

Sept. 10-11—Bear Lake, Garfield, Gunnison, Millard, Panguitch.

Sept. 17-18—Minidoka, Montpelier, North Sanpete, Parowan, Raft River, San Juan.

Sept. 24-25—Duchesne, Roosevelt, Star Valley, St. George, Young.

Oct. 1-2—Carbon, Deseret, Fremont, Hyrum, Morgan, Sevier, Uintah, San Luis

Oct. 15-16—Nevada, Benson, North Sevier, Shelley, Tintic, Woodruff.

Oct. 22-23—Lyman, Summit.

Oct. 29-30—St. Johns.

Nov. 5-6—Burley, Snowflake.

Nov. 12-13—South Sevier, Maricopa, Hollywood.

Nov. 19-20—Juarez, Los Angeles.

Nov. 26-27—Franklin, Moapa, St. Joseph, Wasatch.

Dec. 3-4—Boise, Juab.

Dec. 10-11—Blackfoot, Union.

Saturday Morning, 10:10 to 11:25—Y. M. M. I. A. stake executives, stake superintendency and secretary, will meet. Cooperative Plan for Year's Work; Selection, Training, and Supervision of Ward Workers, will be discussed.

Saturday, 11:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m.—Stake executives, including stake presidency and clerk and the stake superintendencies or presidencies, and secretaries of all the auxiliary organizations.

Saturday, 2 to 4 p. m.—M. I. A. Joint Boards, including high council representatives. Presentation and discussion of results of questionnaire on stake problems, by the general representative.

Saturday, 8 to 10:30 p. m.—Stake social, conducted by the Mutual Improvement Association. Program:

1. Group Singing—An introduction to songs of the new *L. D. S. Hymn Book*. (Tableaus or dramatic pictures to be presented as songs are sung.)

2. Address (6 minutes), "Some outstanding incidents in local community history," by a young woman.

3. Address (6 minutes), "How we can carry on," by a young man.

4. Dramatization of instances associated with the building of the local community.

5. A one-act play.

Sunday, 9 to 10 a. m.—Y. M. M. I. A. Stake Board, including high council representatives, to discuss "Outstanding Problems In Supervision."

Sunday, 10:05 to 11 a. m.—M. I. A. joint stake and ward workers, when recommendations resulting from the stake questionnaire will be discussed; also suggestion for putting the slogan into action; the year-round program on recreation; Advance Senior work, and the M. I. A. Leader's opportunity in helping the Mutual young men and young women. Also the new M. I. A. year-round program.

Sunday, 11:05 to 12 noon—Y. M. M. I. A. stake and ward workers, including bishops and high council representatives, to discuss Finance and Publication, Senior department, Junior and scouting program, Executive leadership, and Spirituality as requisite for success.

Sunday, 7 to 9 p. m.—General session, conducted by the Mutual Improvement Association. Program: Presentation of slogan; Dramatization of Book of Mormon scenes: (a) Records. (b) Abinadi before King Noah. (c) Moroni's farewell.

If the dramatization of the Book of Mormon scenes is not feasible, two ten-minute addresses should be given by local members, as follows:

1. "How to Gain a Fuller Knowledge of the Book of Mormon."

2. "How to Obtain a Testimony of the Divine Origin of the Book of Mormon."

The Winners in the final M. I. A. Contests

M Men Public Speaking:

1. Raymond Peterson, Alpine stake; subject, "God, the Artist;" prize, gold medal.

2. Kennie Bagley, Cottonwood stake; subject, "The New Youth;" prize, silver medal.

M Men Quartette:

1. South Sanpete; Mrs. George Beal, director; prize, gold medals. Members: LaVar Isaacson, Evan Christensen, Maurice Nielsen, George Jackson.
2. Liberty; John Davies, director; prize, silver medals.

Y. M. M. I. A. Male Chorus:

1. St. George; Jos. W. McAllister, director; prize, \$50. Members: Alfred Morris, Will Lund, Fred Reber, E. J. Bleak, Wendell Robinson, D. M. Snow, Elvis B. Terry, Clark Higgins, F. B. Nelson, Nathaniel Ashby, Glen Crosby, Ray Whipple.
2. Deseret; F. G. Eyre, director; prize, \$25.

M. I. A. Orchestra:

1. St. George; Earl J. Bleak, director; prize, \$50.
2. Alpine; Florence Priday, director; prize, \$25.

M. I. A. Band:

1. Wasatch; Delmar Dixon, director; prize, \$50.
2. Box Elder; C. C. Watkins, director; prize, \$25.

M. I. A. Drama:

1. Granite stake; Miss Afton Love, director; prize, gold medals. Cast: Inez Witbeck, Steve L. Love, Josephine Fisher, Geo. Q. Spencer.
2. Fremont stake; Blanche Kendell McKey, director; prize, silver medals. Cast: George Person, Eily McKey, Mrs. Ray Miller, Seth Parkinson.

M. I. A. Dancing:

1. Utah stake; Anna E. Decker and Thelma Dastrup, directors; prize, \$25. Dancers: Orpha Nelson, Afton Payne, Wendell Taylor, Margaret Johnson, Dorothy Decker, Joe Bentley, Francis Swan, Paul Warnick.
2. Fremont stake; Mrs. Berthea Sessions, director; prize, silver medals. Dancers: Jasmine Romney, Reed Webster, Bee Gaddie, Leon Bush, Consuela Waldran, Mark Pincock, Maurine Holman, Clyde Garner.

Gleaner Girls' Public Speaking:

1. Vivian Anderson, North Sanpete stake; subject, "Why Read the Bible?" prize, gold medal.
2. Leona Draper, North Weber stake; subject, "The Value of Time;" prize, silver medal.

Y. L. M. I. A. Ladies' Chorus:

1. Mt. Ogden; Mrs. Maggie Gainbell, director; prize, \$50.
2. Carbon; Mrs. Ora B. Harding, director; prize, \$25.

The following division entries were made in musical and literary contest work at the final tryouts:

M Men Public Speaking—Alpine, Cottonwood, South Sanpete, Pocatello, Box Elder.

M Men Quartette—South Sanpete, Fremont, Liberty, Morgan, Alpine, Franklin, Los Angeles.

Y. M. M. I. A. Male Chorus—Sevier, Pocatello, Granite, Morgan, Deseret, St. George, Franklin, Los Angeles.

M. I. A. Orchestra—Alpine, Mt. Ogden, Ensign, St. George.

M. I. A. Band—Box Elder, Wasatch.

M. I. A. Drama—Utah, North Davis, Granite, Fremont, North Sevier, Montpelier, Parowan, Los Angeles.

M. I. A. Dancing—North Sanpete, Fremont, Cottonwood, North Weber, Utah, Lyman, St. George, Hyrum.

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, May, 1927

STAKE	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers' and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Beaver	314	6	2	12	40	41	55	148	6	22	23	20	8	79	
Deseret	493	12	10	110	200	127	33	186	656	72	90	85	15	120	382
Ensign	934	8	8	86	146	226	91	280	892	71	72	107	56	186	492
Juab	249	5	4	31	72	87	111	301	27	28	23	1	65	143	
Liberty	1407	12	12	175	251	336	236	375	1373	118	150	153	121	254	796
North Davis	462	7	6	54	76	115	15	152	412	40	34	40	5	100	219
Ogden	848	11	11	93	151	260	66	299	869	64	100	111	34	196	505
Oquirrh	469	5	5	59	80	109	9	185	442	36	21	25	1	78	161
Pioneer	769	10	10	102	148	215	34	267	766	70	43	98	17	135	363
Roosevelt	321	12	8	56	85	28	44	62	275	34	44	11	22	29	140
Uintah	410	10	10	79	121	130	139	469	52	73	70	79	274	79	274
Boise	365	9	9	77	80	81	79	317	52	47	42	57	198	57	198
Fremont	647	14	14	135	203	175	35	214	762	87	152	76	22	117	454
Idaho Falls	577	12	9	72	147	91	18	107	435	45	70	36	10	47	208
Montpelier	367	14	11	73	90	97	113	373	41	51	39	58	189	58	189
Rigby	521	13	6	108	122	84	38	103	455	66	100	52	25	53	296
Yellowstone	270	10	10	69	110	66	9	87	341	44	65	55	2	41	207
Lethbridge	223	9	7	54	69	57	26	70	276	34	40	31	11	40	156
Lyman	220	7	7	47	92	60	79	278	31	61	42	38	172	38	172
Star Valley	359	11	11	117	70	112	11	87	397	40	31	28	1	30	130
Calif. Mission	990	33	27	192	300	196	30	169	887	130	150	122	6	85	493
N. W. States	500	---	---	37	93	54	12	23	219	30	53	20	5	15	123

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, May, 1927

STAKE	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	M Men	Reading Book of Mormon	"Era"	Fund	Monthly State and Ward Officers' Mgs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Beaver	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	9	9	5	55
Deseret	10	6	8	10	8	8	10	10	7	7	84
Ensign	9	6	10	10	10	9	10	8	10	10	92
Juab	10	5	8	8	8	6	7	7	8	6	73
Liberty	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	96
North Davis	9	5	10	10	7	6	9	9	9	10	84
Ogden	10	6	10	10	9	8	10	10	10	10	93
Oquirrh	9	4	10	10	10	6	9	10	10	9	87
Pioneer	10	5	9	6	10	5	10	8	10	10	83
Roosevelt	9	5	6	---	3	6	8	10	9	6	62
Uintah	10	6	10	5	7	8	9	10	10	8	83
Boise	9	6	10	6	10	8	9	9	10	8	85
Fremont	10	6	9	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	94
Idaho Falls	8	5	8	4	4	4	9	8	7	7	64
Montpelier	10	5	4	3	3	5	8	8	4	8	58
Rigby	9	7	10	10	5	3	8	9	8	2	71
Yellowstone	9	6	10	3	4	7	9	9	10	8	75
Lethbridge	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	96
Lyman	10	6	6	7	6	2	10	10	8	4	69
Star Valley	10	3	7	2	6	5	9	10	5	6	63
Calif. Mission	9	6	8	4	4	10	10	9	5	8	73
N. W. States	4	6	10	8	6	10	6	6	10	10	76

The following stakes attained 100% in one or more of the Y. M. M. I. A. Monthly Efficiency Reports for 1926-27: Fremont—December and January; Cassia—January; Liberty—January; Taylor—February; Lethbridge—February and March; Maricopa—March and April.

Passing Events

Benjamin Alvord, a 93-year-old Utah Pioneer of 1842, passed away at Roy. He has resided in North Ogden for many years, being one of the early settlers there.

The Utah Experiment Station, Logan, Utah, has issued Circular No. 65, treating the beet leafhopper, or white fly, as it is commonly called. This circular, in a clear and concise manner, describes the conditions under which the white fly operates, as well as suggested method of control. Free for the asking.

The anti-syndicalist law is constitutional, according to an opinion rendered, without dissent, by the U. S. Supreme Court, May 16, 1927. The court specially held that the syndicalism laws of California and Kansas are valid, and that the constitutional guarantee of free speech does not permit the advocacy of the doctrines of a revolutionary system.

Peter Voikoff, soviet minister to Poland, was murdered, June 7, 1927, by a Russian student in Warsaw. The murdered diplomat is said to have been the Russian official who signed the warrant for the murder of Czar Nicholas and his family. The crime has caused consternation in Poland, because the relations between Russia and Poland have been strained for some time.

Two American marines, Captain Richard Bell Buchanan, and a private, Marvin Jackson, were killed in Nicaragua, May 16, in a clash with liberal soldiers. According to the reports the marines were attacked by a band of guerrillas at LaPaz Centro, near Leon; and returned the fire with the result that 14 Nicaraguans were killed, in addition to the two Americans. The band then fled in all directions.

Maintaining Potato Yields by Hill Selection is the title of Bulletin No. 200, dealing on how home-grown potato seed can be maintained in Utah. It is shown that rigorous hill selection deserves much more widespread use than it has had in growing certified seed potato stocks. Any good farmer can apply this effective method. For free copy, write to Publications Division, Utah Experiment Station, Logan, Utah.

In Some Observations on Winter Injury in Utah Peach Orchards, December, 1924 (Station Bulletin No. 202), the Utah Experiment Station, Logan, Utah, describes the various types of injury and the manner of affecting trees in Utah, the subject being discussed by T. H. Abell, Assistant Horticulturist. Copies of this publication may be secured without charge upon request to the Publications Division, Utah Experiment Station, Logan, Utah.

The 16th of May, 1927, was the hottest on record in Salt Lake City, according to the weather bureau. The thermometer rose to 92 degrees on the top of the Boston building. The highest May temperature on record here is 93 degrees, but that was one year ago on the last day of May. Only a week ago, when a blizzard was raging in near-by states, Utah was threatened with frost in various parts of the state. The transition from cold to hot has been as abrupt as it is welcome.

All relations between Great Britain and Soviet Russia have been broken off, according to an announcement by Premier Baldwin in the House of Commons, May 24, 1927. The premier, in his statement gave proofs of subversive activities and a deliberate abuse of diplomatic privileges by Soviet agents. Information has also been sent from London to Washington, concerning facts supposed to be of interest to the United States. The state

department declined to comment on its nature, but it was understood that it concerned activities in this country of secret agents of Soviet Russia.

Fossil bone implements have been found, it is reported in a dispatch dated Omaha, May 23, on the Harold Cook ranch, near Agate, Neb., and are now in the possession of Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History in New York. The implements, it is said, are made of the bones of extinct animals—horses, camels, deer, elephants and mastodons of the Pliocene age that have turned into stone. They are described by Dr. Osborn as symmetrical in shape, and are said to have been identified as skin dressers for cleaning animal hides, pointed awl-like instruments, evidently used in sewing, neck ornaments made of strung bones and a kind of comb that seems to be a tattooing implement.

Funeral services for Patriarch William Gustavus Miles were held in the Stake Tabernacle, St. George, Utah, May 15, 1927, conducted by Gordon Mathis of the South ward bishopric. The speakers were George Brooks, David H. Morris, President J. K. Nicholes, George E. Miles and Bishop James McArthur. Patriarch Miles was born in Salt Lake City, September 13, 1851, the son of Samuel and Hannah Colburn Miles. He has lived in Dixie since the early sixties. On May 25, 1874, he married Miss Paralee A. Church. To them were born nine sons and two daughters, of whom six—two daughters and four boys—are still living. He also leaves 19 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Harry William Matthews, member of the Salt Lake County fire department, passed away at a local hospital, May 5, 1927. He was born in Devonshire, England, Jan. 2, 1864, and came to Salt Lake City 44 years ago. From the time of the organization of the county fire department up to the time of his death, he was a member of that organization. He has been a member of the high councils in Granite stake and Cottonwood stake, and the last seven years he has been working in the Temple. Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Minnie Palmer Matthews and the following children: Ivy, Vera, Violet, all of Salt Lake; C. E. Matthews of Midvale, Leo and Sidney L. of Salt Lake and Elmer of Garfield; five grandchildren; one sister and six brothers.

A new stake was organized in Los Angeles, during the meetings held there on Saturday and Sunday, May 21 and 22, 1927, Elders David O. McKay and Stephen L. Richards, of the Council of the Twelve, were present; also President Joseph W. McMurrin of the California mission. The officers of the Hollywood stake are: George W. McCune, president; Dr. G. F. Harding, first counselor; second counselor not selected. James Thomas was set apart as stake patriarch. The Los Angeles stake officers are: Leo J. Muir, president; Everard L. McMurrin, first counselor; Fred S. Hatch, second counselor. The new \$250,000 auditorium for Los Angeles will be built as soon as plans are drawn up, and will be used by both of the southern California stakes.

Another successful flight across the Atlantic was finished June 6, 1927, when the Bellanca plane, *Columbia*, with Clarence D. Chamberlin and Charles P. Levine, the pilot and the owner, landed at Eisleben, in Germany, about 110 miles southeast of Berlin. The fliers hopped off at the Roosevelt field, New York, June 4, at 6:05 a. m., eastern daylight time. They passed Cape Race, N. F., at 6:20 p. m., the same day, and were sighted near Lands End, England, June 5, at 3:20 p. m. At 7 p. m., the same day, they passed Boulogne sur Mer, France, heading for Cologne, Germany. According to Mr. Chamberlin, the aviators ran into a heavy snow storm and tried to dodge it by zig-zagging. Both compasses got out of order, and the pilot lost his bearings. That is how he missed Berlin. According to one report, these fliers made 4,278 miles in 44 hours, breaking all previous records.

Reports on the flood situation in the Mississippi valley, dated New Orleans, May 23, 1927, were to the effect that floodwaters, almost twenty

miles wide, was beginning to reach Grand Lake in their movement to the Gulf of Mexico. The floodwaters were approximately 100 miles from New Orleans on the west side of the Atchafalaya river and the Bayou des Glaises breaks, through which they were rushing, are about 170 miles northwest of New Orleans and on the opposite side of the Mississippi river. Immediately before the flood, fleets of trucks were speeding over roads soon to be submerged, removing families. Cowboys on cattle ponies from western Louisiana and Texas ranches sped here and there, rounding up cattle and herding them to safety on high ground. The population of refugee concentration camps was growing. More than a thousand had reached the camp at Lafayette during the day, and it was estimated that at the present rate of growth the camp would have 20,000 persons by the end of the week.

The town of Kelly, Wyo., was swept by flood, May 18, 1927, from the "Slide" dam in the Gros Ventre river. Eight persons perished. This was about noon. Two hours later the flood reached Wilson, overflowed the banks of the river to a distance of a mile and a half. No lives were lost here, because the people had been warned, and sought safety on higher ground. The flood came from a natural dam formed about two years ago when slides, loosened by earthquakes, swept down the sides of and across the Gros Ventre valley about four miles above Kelly and formed a natural dam in the river. The dam has held until the present. Soon after it was formed it was examined by a number of engineers, officials of the United States, Idaho and Wyoming governments, who believed that, on account of the large rocks and other debris in its makeup, it would not be a source of serious danger. A lake formed behind it and at times since the water has overtopped the dam, though for a large part of the time the seepage through the dam was sufficient to carry off the inflow.

The champion high school orator of the United States is Miss Dorothy Carlson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Carlson, 464 Hawthorne Ave., Salt Lake City. The prize was awarded by five justices of the United States Supreme Court, at Washington, D. C., May 27, 1927. Her theme was, "What the Constitution Should Mean to an American Citizen." The following incident is told. After the winner had been announced, the audience began to pour on to the stage. Mrs. Carlson, mother of the winner, who had watched the contest from the box of Senator Smoot, edged her way through the crowd to the side of her daughter; Senator Smoot was close behind, and, as he reached Miss Carlson, he leaned over, placed one arm around her, and in truly romantic fashion planted a long, fervent kiss squarely on the lips of the champion. A high school boy, standing close by, asked: "Is that Senator Smoot?" "Assured that it was, he said: "Now I know what they mean by senatorial courtesy." Each of the seven contestants gets a trip to Europe. Miss Carlson arrived home June 4, and was given a public reception of welcome in the State Capitol, where Governor Geo. H. Dern presided.

A drinking fountain, erected as a memorial to the pioneer mothers of Utah, was unveiled, June 6, 1927, at the Mary Fielding Smith home-stead, 27th Street and Highland Drive, Salt Lake City. The monument was designed by Gilbert Riswold and paid for by contributions of Primary children in Granite stake. With President Nephi L. Morris of Salt Lake stake delivering the address of the day, a program was held which included pageantry and talks by Mrs. Josephine M. Goff, president of the Granite stake Primary; President Heber J. Grant, and Governor George H. Dern. Yvonne James, granddaughter of Hyrum Jensen, unveiled the memorial, with a "trail builder" from each of the nine wards taking part. The ladies' chorus, composed of Primary workers of Granite stake, under direction of Mary Cornwall, rendered a song dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Smith. Among the honored guests present were President C. W. Nibley, President Frank Y. Taylor, President May Anderson of the general board, Primary Association; Clarissa Williams, general board, Relief Society; Martha Tingey, Ruth May Fox, Mrs. Fannie Woodruff, Bishop David A. Smith, Patriarch

Hyrum G. Smith, the Smith family and the Harris branch of the Smith family, from Provo, numbering more than fifty, as well as a number of pioneers here and from Idaho and other parts of Utah.

Karl Marselius Widtsøe, son of Dr. and Mrs. John A. Widtsøe, passed away at Preston, Idaho, May 28, 1927, as the result of a cold which developed into pneumonia. He was born in Logan, November 27, 1902, and reared on College hill, where his father was president of the Utah Agricultural college. He received his education in the public schools, the L. D. S. high school and the University of Utah. Mr. Widtsøe interrupted his college course to take a mission to Europe, leaving Salt Lake in June, 1922, and going to Great Britain, where he was appointed to the Hull conference. For a season he acted as clerk, and then for another year he was president of the conference. On his release from the mission in 1925, he traveled on the continent of Europe and visited Egypt and the Holy Land. His traveling missionary companion was Fielding Smith, youngest son of the late President Joseph F. Smith. The young men flew over Paris in one of the earliest passenger planes. Reaching home, Mr. Widtsøe was called as a missionary on the Temple block by Professor Levi Edgar Young and this missionary work was carried on while he was completing his college course at the university. A year ago he was appointed to take charge of the L. D. S. seminary work at the Preston high school. The funeral services were held, May 31, at the University ward chapel, where city and state officials, educators, Church authorities and friends paid their tribute of love and respect to the departed youth. The speakers were President Heber J. Grant, Elder David O. McKay, and Hyrum D. Jensen of the Oneida stake presidency. Bishop Frank Pingree conducted the services. Dr. Adam S. Bennion pronounced the benediction, and Elder Orval W. Adams dedicated the grave.

The magnificent monument to the Mormon Battalion, erected on the state Capitol grounds, was dedicated, May 30, 1927, in the presence of an immense throng. Probably 20,000 people surrounded the platform and the monument, and listened to the impressive exercises. The ceremonies began with the rendition of "America" by a military band. Major Wesley E. King, in an introductory address, told the interesting story of the monument. President B. H. Roberts gave an exhaustive and eloquent review of the history of the Battalion; and Governor Geo. H. Dern made a speech of acceptance of the monument on behalf of the state. President Charles W. Nibley offered the dedicatory prayer. The unveiling, at the close of President Roberts' address, was done by Janet Thurman, great-great-granddaughter of Brigham Young, and great-granddaughter of Thomas Karren of the battalion; Marjorie Clawson, great-granddaughter of Sergeant Nathaniel V. Jones of the battalion; Orpha Brown, great-granddaughter of Captain James Brown of the Pueblo detachment of the battalion; Paul P. Eardley and Gene P. Eardley, grandsons of Robert Pixton of the battalion; Layton Lloyd, great-grandson of Christopher Layton and Nathaniel V. Jones, both of the battalion, and Gilbert and Irving Riswold, sons of the sculptor of the monument. On the platform at the front steps to the Capitol were numerous officials, civil and ecclesiastical. Among these were President Heber J. Grant and his counselors, Anthony W. Ivins and Charles W. Nibley, members of the state supreme court, members of the Mormon Battalion commission and Col. W. B. McClaskey, commanding officer at Fort Douglas, official representative of the United States army. Mrs. Ellen Morley Thomas, a daughter of one of the members of the battalion, who was born in Pueblo, Mrs. Elizabeth I. Pulsipher, widow of Sergeant Pulsipher of the battalion, and Mrs. Willard G. Smith, widow of one of the battalion members, also were on the platform. The program concluded with the rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner."

When Captain, now Colonel, Charles A. Lindbergh arrived in Paris, May 21, 1927, at 10:18 p. m., in his plane the *Spirit of St. Louis*, after a non-stop flight from New York, which had been accomplished in 33 hours and 30 min-

utes, a new chapter in the marvelous history of aviation had been written by a young American, hitherto practically unknown to the general public. He left the Roosevelt field on May 20, at 7:52 a. m. The following day, May 21, he was reported over Bayeux, France; at 5:21 p. m. (Eastern daylight time), at 10:19 p. m., French time, he landed safely at Le Bourget, field near Paris. The reception he received in Paris was as magnificent as his achievement. A crowd estimated at 40,000 received him at the field. He was, however, exhausted, and was glad to be taken away to the American embassy, where he could find rest. But all Paris was astir to honor the American aviator. Captain Lindbergh seemed to be perfectly oblivious to the magnitude of the feat he had accomplished. He thought of his mother in Detroit, and telephoned a message of love to her. He thought of the mother of Captain Nungesser, and visited her and told her not to give up hope that her boy would be found safe. In the meantime crowds were surging outside the embassy, eager to catch a glimpse of the young hero. On the flagstaff of the ministry of foreign affairs the government caused the American flag to be flung to the breeze, an honor that only the president of the United States could have expected, and everywhere on public buildings and private residences, the Stars and Stripes was waving its beautiful folds in welcome. The European press is unanimous in praising Captain Lindbergh for his achievements. Among the congratulations he received was one from President Coolidge and the following message from King Gustav of Sweden: "The whole Swedish nation joins me most heartily in congratulating you on the feat you accomplished, with such success." Captain Lindbergh is the son of the late Congressman Charles August Lindbergh and his wife, Evangeline Lodge Land, of Irish descent. Congressman Lindbergh was born in Sweden, Jan. 20, 1859, but was brought to this country in 1860. He was educated here, practiced law, and was a member of congress from Minnesota, 1907-11. The now famous son is only 25 years old. He has had several narrow escapes during his career as aviator, having had to jump no less than four times from flying machines and depend on parachutes for safe landing. He is a young man of clean morals, with a nervous system unimpaired by tobacco, tea, coffee and other poisons of any kind, and with a strong heart; he is, therefore, capable of thinking clearly and acting promptly. Like all who really amount to anything, he talks little, but does things, while others talk and plan.

President Doumergue pinned the insignia of the Legion of Honor on the breast of the aviator, when the latter paid the French president his respects. Captain, now Colonel, Lindbergh arrived in Washington, June 11, on the U. S. S. *Memphis*, and was greeted by President Coolidge as "our ambassador without portfolio." He spoke a few words to 100,000 people gathered at the Washington monument, but these with cheers were heard in every part of the nation over radio service, including a great gathering in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, at a meeting of the M. I. A. Conference. On June 13, he arrived in New York, where he received the largest popular ovation ever held in that city. See article by B. H. Roberts in this number.

Keep in Touch With Absent Priesthood Members

During the summer season particularly, some of the members of each quorum of the Aaronic Priesthood are almost sure to be absent from home on account of employment or vacation. In order to promote the fraternal spirit among these members of the quorum, it would, therefore, be an excellent plan for the bishopric and supervisors at once to assign to certain members of each quorum the duty, or rather the privilege, of writing the absent members in behalf of the quorum, telling them any news about the activities, encouraging them to maintain the spirit of the Priesthood, and expressing the desire to hear of their feelings and efforts. Such a plan, carried through, is bound to awaken in the heart of every member increased appreciation of his position and fellowship in the quorum.

Keep the Camp-fire Burning

"Let your light so shine," etc.—Matt. 5:16

Keep the camp-fire burning.
It may prove a beacon light
To a traveler in the night,
And be a timely warning.
May save him from despair,
This deed so very rare—
So, keep the camp-fire burning.

Keep the camp-fire burning.
It might lift some weary soul
Who is wand'ring in the cold,
By giving timely warning.
Let the fire be good and warm.
For it then can do no harm,
If you'll keep the fire burning.
Rexburg, Idaho.

O keep the camp-fire burning.
It may help to dry the tear
From the cheek of one most dear.
If you'll keep the fire burning,
'Twill warm the coldest sinner,
And thus become a winner,
If you'll keep the fire burning.

Then keep the camp-fire burning.
It is God-like to assist
Some sinner to resist
Temptations that beset him.
Do not neglect the weakling,
But stretch a hand to save him
By keeping fire a-burning.
PHINEUS TEMPEST.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, JULY, 1927

Two Dollars per Annum

Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second-class matter

Heber J. Grant,
Edward H. Anderson. } Editors

Melvin J. Ballard, Business Mgr
Moroni Snow, Assistant.

*Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of
October 3, 1917, authorized on July 2, 1918*

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HUMOROUS HINTS

'Strue—When men wear trousers as short as the girl's dresses they won't bag at the knees.—Perrins.

* * *

Mose: Dat's a fine mule yo' got dere, Ras. How much you pay fo' him?"

Rastus: "Just gib a farmer mah note."

Mose: "Yo' sho got a cheap mule."

* * *

His Wait.—Young Lawyer (having passed his exams)—"Well, I'm glad it's over. I've been working to death the last few years trying to get my legal education."

Old Lawyer: "Well, cheer up, my boy; it'll be a long time before you have any more work to do."—Boston Transcript.

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He: "Yes, my dear, I'm learning every day that I can get along without most of the advice I get."—D. C. R.

* * *

Johnnie (to the new visitor): "So you are my grandma are you?"

Grandmother: "Yes, Johnnie, I'm your grandma on your father's side."

Johnnie: "Well, you're on the wrong side. You'll find that out."—*The Monitor*.

* * *

Dizzy Doing on the Desk—"The pencil has made pointed remarks about the sponge being soaked all day and the waste basket being full. The scissors are cutting up and the paper weight is trying to hold them down while the paste is sticking around to see the stamps get a good licking. The ink's well, but appears to be blue, while bill is stuck on the file, and the calendar is looking fresher after having had a month off. The blotter is lying around taking it all in," so the typesetter says in exchange.—*The Monitor*.

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Our baseball fan says: "When hock shops hang out another ball,—it will be time to walk."—*Perrins*.

* * *

Caution.—A boy who had been absent from school for several days returned with his throat carefully swathed, and presented this note to his teacher:

"Please don't let my son learn any German today; his throat is so sore he can hardly speak English."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

* * *

Heredity in the Child—"What's de name of dis infant?" demanded the colored parson, who was officiating at the christening of Mirandy's latest offspring.

"Her name am Opium Bryant," was the firm reply.

The parson protested: "Opium ain't no fit name for a gal!"

"Well, it fits dis gal," said Mirandy; "for dey say opium comes from wild poppy, and dis chile's poppy suah am wild."—*The Monitor*.



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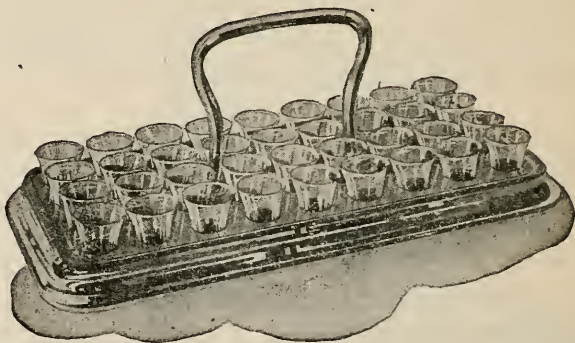
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